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THE
FRENCH GIL BLAS;
OR,
ADVENTURES
OF
HENRY LANSON.

By M. LE MAIRE, OF NANCY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD
EDITION IN FRENCH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR C. AND G. KEARSLEY, JOHNSON'S
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W. L. K. M.

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THE
FRENCH GIL BLAS.

CHAP. I.

A discovery and separation.

THE next day, as I was writing in M. de Landrimont's closet, a servant came to announce M. de St. Geran and his son; on which information my patron quitted all, and ran to receive them. The visit lasted an hour;—it appeared to me an age;—during which I experienced an anxiety and trouble that did

not permit me to continue my work. I already detested the odious rival that was to deprive me of what I valued above my life. At length I heard the visitors depart, and giving way to the desire of seeing the person who had caused me so much uneasiness, I opened the window on the moment he was going to his coach. M. de St. Geran the son appeared to me about twenty years old;—his height rather short than tall;—his face, without being ugly, had nothing agreeable in it:—his features wanting that expression, without which the most handsome face is but the emblem of a statue.

The moment after, M. de Landrimont returned to his closet, accompanied by his daughter. Joy brightened

his features; as for Adelaide, though she endeavoured to constrain herself before her father, I read in her eyes the uneasiness she experienced. To conceal my own vexation, I remarked to my patron that he appeared more cheerful than ordinary. "Thou art right, Lanson," said he; "how can I be otherwise? I have just received an old friend: in a short time I mean to unite his son to my daughter, and see myself renovated in their children;—are not those subjects to give pleasure? Come, come, Adelaide," continued he, in a jesting tone, to his daughter, "hold up your head; she is ashamed, and afraid of marriage: believe me, my dear, a husband is not so dreadful an animal as you imagine; you will soon grow accustomed to him."——It may be easily

surmized what Adelaide and myself suffered during this pleasantry; notwithstanding, I was forced to appear to applaud it, Mademoiselle de Landrimont making no reply.

After dinner I contrived to see her alone; she related the occurrences of the morning. The young M. de St. Geran had paid her the most flattering compliments, which she had answered with a cold politeness. My rival had then entreated permission to wait on her, and pay his addresses, not wishing, as he said, to obtain her hand till possessed of her heart. Adelaide replied, she knew her duty too well not to receive the friends of her father. "I have already told you, Lanson, that I will use my utmost endeavours to escape the
I misfortune

misfortune which threatens us," said Adelaide. "I have a project: it is to open my heart to the young St. Geran: though I cannot love him, he appears worthy my esteem, and will doubtless relinquish a woman who cannot give her heart with her hand. If his generosity answers to the delicacy of his behaviour, he will himself contrive some means to put off this marriage."—

"The project is dangerous," replied I, "and might have the most vexatious consequences. Do you know M. de St. Geran sufficiently, not to fear that instead of entering into your views he would betray your confidence? I doubt not but at present he seeks your hand as much from inclination as his father's commands; for who can see you without love, my dear Adelaide? You are

also a very advantageous match : he would fear displeasing his father, who is warmly bent on the marriage : and do you think that so many united motives would yield to a sentiment of delicacy so contrary to modish love ? Besides, what is the base of most of the present marriages ?—interest and convenience. The connection of hearts,—equality of ages,—conformity of tempers, are reckoned as nothing. I am ready to believe that M. de St. Geran possesses the most excellent qualities ; but having received a fashionable education, he will not be clear of the prejudices it inculcates. He will look on your passion as a trifle,—the mere effervescence of a susceptible heart, particularly when the object is known, and unite himself to you without scruple, flattered with the idea of
soon

soon gaining your heart."——Adelaide agreed in my opinion, and we resolved to wait some time before we attempted any definitive step, and be directed by circumstances.

M. de St. Geran visited Adelaide daily, M. de Landrimont receiving him as his future son-in-law. Frequently I could not avoid being witness of the assiduities of my rival, and soon discovered that love, as much as interest, dictated his actions. This discovery encreased my uneasiness, as it convinced me I had no hope but in the affection and resistance of Adelaide. I formed a thousand projects without fixing on any. Sometimes I determined to throw myself at M. de Landrimont's feet, and confess my culpable passion;—other

times I thought of quitting a house where I caused such unhappiness, and leaving Adelaide to her fate.

The day fixed for the marriage was not distant. Adelaide was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy, which she in vain endeavoured to conceal. Her father, alarmed at the alteration, attributed it to ill health, and called in a physician. The disciple of *Æsculapius* finding no symptom that indicated bodily malady, told M. de Landrimont that the decline of his daughter arose from some secret distress, which, if not removed, might in time undermine her constitution, and conclude in a consumption. M. de Landrimont no sooner dismissed the physician than he repaired to his daughter, and entreated her to divulge

divulge the occasion of her melancholy. Adelaide, emboldened by the kindness of her father, thought to profit by it, therefore told him she could not love the man he designed for her husband;—that she had ever felt the utmost aversion to marriage, and had no doubt but the day of her espousals would be that of her death;—that the world possessing no charms for her, she entreated him to permit her to return to the convent and take the veil.

M. de Landrimont replied to his daughter, that he was far from wishing to force her inclinations and make her unhappy, but his word was passed, and matters far advanced. “Would’st thou make me break my promise?” said he. “I founded on this marriage the hap-

pinefs of my old age. I unite thee to the fon of a friend, to whom I have the higheft obligations. Ceafe, my dear child, to alarm thyfelf by chimerical fears, and to diftrefs thy father by a refusal that will fhorten his days, and which thyfelf will hereafter repent."

M. de Landrimont added much more to perfuade his daughter to conform to his defires; at length quitting her, faying, that he was too well affured of her affection for him, and her zeal to fulfil her duty, to imagine that fhe would perfift in fentiments fo contrary to his wifhes.

Adelaide acquainted me with this converfation. We wept together,—this mutual relief foftening for the moment the bitternefs of our fituation. Notwithstanding,

withstanding, I could devise no means to rescue us from our embarrassment. The honour of Adelaide was too dear to suffer me to form an idea of proposing any thing contrary to her duty: besides, on my part it would at once have been violating the most sacred rights of hospitality and friendship. Mademoiselle de Landrimont offered to leave the world and sacrifice herself in a convent for me: such generosity ought it not to excite mine? Could I reply to it otherwise than by devoting myself for Adelaide? "My beloved friend," cried I, "'tis in vain that we struggle against the fate that awaits us. Yes, I am resolved; I will fly far from you; then you will return to yourself and family: I should be an everlasting obstacle to your happiness. I have involved you in trouble

and sorrow;—it is time they should cease. Forget me, Adelaide; efface from your heart the image of a man who can never enjoy the blessing of being yours. Your happiness is dearer to me than life; and this only means remains to restore it.—I will devise some pretence to leave your father, to quit this house, where I experienced such happy hours; time and distance will bring forgetfulness, and restore your heart to tranquillity, and you will at length submit to the wishes of a father who has no view but your felicity.”

Adelaide was in tears and unable to reply. I forced myself from her, and hastened to my apartment, designing to prepare all for my departure. Notwithstanding, as my first transport began to evaporate,

evaporate, I rather staggered in my resolution. "What," said I, "quit Adelaide! leave her for ever! tear myself from her presence—give her up—and deprive myself of her heart."—I was absorbed in these reflections when a servant came to inform me that M. de Landrimont wanted me. I instantly experienced the most lively emotion, of which I could not penetrate the cause; it was doubtless a presentiment of what was to follow: I however immediately obeyed the order of my patron.

M. de Landrimont had assumed an air of seriousness, which being uncommon to him, alarmed me. He desired me to be seated; and after a short silence, as if to prepare himself for a long speech, began thus:—"You know,
Lanson,

Lanson, that ever since your residence in my house I have never ceased giving you marks of my esteem and friendship. The essential service you rendered my daughter even gave you a claim on my gratitude. But you have made me pay dear for that obligation, since you have dared aspire to gain her heart: nothing can surely justify such a proceeding, as you well know you can never pretend to the hand of Mademoiselle de Landrimont. You have then abused my confidence,—violated the sacred rights of hospitality, by profiting of the weakness of a young and inexperienced girl, to inspire her with sentiments contrary to her duty. My unsuspecting temper, and the good opinion I entertained of you, would perhaps never have suffered me to discover this culpable intimacy, had
not

not the refusal of my daughter to consent to a match so advantageous as that I proposed, appeared to me unnatural, and made me suspect some hidden reason was the cause of her opposition to my wishes, which gave rise to ideas that ought sooner to have struck me. In consequence, I watched her, and my doubts are changed to certainty. I overheard the conversation that has just passed between you, and find to what degree you love and are beloved. I have, even since you quitted her, received the avowal from her own lips. Though this discovery has deeply afflicted me, I have at least the consolation to find that my daughter is not unworthy of me; and that although you have succeeded in gaining her heart, you have respected her innocence. This certainty, and
the

the generous effort you promised to make in tearing yourself from her, engages me to pardon you, as I do not doubt you will faithfully execute the resolution you have taken. Your absence is absolutely necessary for my happiness, and that of my daughter: yet do not think I shall cease to interest myself in your fate. By the most fortunate event I can place you very advantageously. An English nobleman, who is my particular friend, wants a person to accompany him in his travels, which he intends to make over different parts of Europe: he has just left me;—I have mentioned you, and on my recommendation he accepts you. Absence and travelling will soon efface from your heart a passion which should never have entered it; and I flatter myself that

that your departure will recal my daughter to her duty."

The confusion into which the beginning of M. de Landrimont's discourse had thrown me, had rendered me incapable of interrupting him; but when he was silent I gave way to the violence of the feelings which oppressed my heart: I threw myself at his feet, and suppressing as much as possible the grief that choaked my utterance, I exclaimed, "I am ready to perform the sacrifice you require: my heart was already prepared,—had resolved it.——But, sir, let not your anger fall on your daughter; for though I may have raised in her heart a tender return of affection, yet my love has ever been pure as the object who inspired it. It was a passion that
elevated

elevated my soul, and produced those virtues of which she gave the model, and was never sullied by a thought derogatory to the honour and innocence of Adelaide."

M. de Landrimont raised me with kindness.—"Lanson," said he, "the nobleness of your sentiments places you on an equality with the first rank; but you know, my friend, how much we are guided by appearances. Besides, you are acquainted with my engagements,—they are sacred. Fulfil all the duties which honour commands at this moment. Prepare your baggage, and in an hour I will conduct you to my friend. He intended remaining eight days longer in Paris, but I have pressed him to hasten his departure, in which I doubt not I have

have done you service, as absence is the most assured remedy for love.

Oppressed with melancholy, I returned to my apartment. The multiplicity of the sensations I had experienced had almost exhausted my sensibility, and deadened the use of my faculties,—I neither saw nor felt any thing. I put up my effects mechanically, which was hardly finished, when I was informed that M. de Landrimont waited for me. “Lanson,” said he, when I went down, “my heart acknowledges the sacrifice you make. Believe me, I shall feel your loss.”——He then put a purse into my hand; I thanked him as well as my trouble would permit, after which we got into the coach that was to convey us to my new patron’s.

As

As soon as M. de Landrimont was announced, his friend hastened to meet him. My conductor presented and recommended me strongly to the Englishman, who received me with the utmost kindness. After a long conversation, during which my new friend announced his departure for the next day, M. de Landrimont prepared to depart. I snatched one of his hands, which I bathed with my tears, unable to articulate a word for the sobs which choaked my utterance. M. de Landrimont was not unmoved: he recommended me again warmly to the nobleman, and bidding us farewell, left me with my new protector.

Lord Warneck was about forty years of age, tall, and of a noble and commanding person; on his features was
strongly

strongly portrayed that English pride which more frequently bespeaks a noble confidence than haughty disdain. This national character was however tempered by the utmost sensibility,—honour and frankness forming the basis of his disposition. A declared enemy to all dissimulation, Lord Warneck ever spoke as he thought; never did his heart deny the language of his lips. He possessed a cultivated understanding, great penetration, and exquisite judgement. To these he joined a perfect knowledge of the human heart, as also of the world, and polite manners. Though himself born in the highest rank, he paid no deference to birth or riches, distinguishing personal merit only, which whoever possessed to a degree sufficient to gain his esteem, became his friend and equal,

equal, regardless of whatever situation fate had placed them in. Generous and magnificent, he made the most worthy use of his riches—assisted the poor and protected merit. He might have attained the highest dignity of the state in his own country, but he preferred independence; his disposition being too noble to suffer him to solicit places and become the slave of authority. Attacked by that malady so frequent in England, and known by the name of spleen, he determined to adopt the remedy used by his countrymen in such cases, which is travelling and amusement. His air was serious without being gloomy;—his temper constantly equal;—ever master of himself;—invariably attached to his principles, which were those of a philosopher and friend
to

to humanity ;—his conduct was uniform ;—virtuous by nature as much as system, he did good for the pleasure it procured him, and not from ostentation. —Such was Lord Warneck, at least such I found him when we became acquainted.

As all was ready for our departure, we sat off the next day : my lord and self in a post-chaise, and two servants on horseback. It may easily be surmized what it cost me to force myself from the spot which contained my beloved Adelaide : every step we advanced tore my soul. Lord Warneck remarked my uneasiness, and endeavoured to calm my sorrow by the consolations of reason and philosophy.

Discourfing

Discourfing on love and its effects, we reached Orleans, where we fleep, and the next morning continued our journey. Lord Warneck had refolved to begin his travels by Spain, and after a fhort ftay in the principal towns in our road, we arrived at Bayonne without any remarkable occurrence. I had every day frefh reafon to congratulate myfelf on my new fituation, but the image of Mademoifelle de Landrimont perpetually followed me. I paffed whole nights in tears. I would have given half my blood to have written to her,—to have defcribed the forrows I experienced in abfence,—to have affured her how dear fhe was to my heart: but I had promifed her father to be filent, and honour impofed the cruel law of appearing to have forgot her.

Bayonne

Bayonne is the last town in France on the borders of Spain, and from thence you enter the Pyrenees. We rested for some days in this city, in order to enable us to support the fatigues we had to encounter: on our departure our host desired us to be on our guard, as the woods were infested with robbers; adding, that a gentleman who had lodged with them a short time since had been plundered by these villains.

This advice was not to be neglected; we therefore armed our people, each with a gun and a pair of pistols, and put two muskets and three pair of pistols in our chaise. Thus we were prepared for defence, in case of an attack, from double our number; and taking a guide, we entered into the chain of

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mountains which form a natural limit to these two powerful kingdoms.

We had travelled for near half a day over the mountains, when in a hollow road, which was inclosed on all sides with trees, we perceived six armed men, who on discovering us separated into two parties, and withdrew on the opposite sides of the road, concealing themselves behind the bushes. Lord Warneck, without losing his presence of mind, ordered the postillion to proceed in a slow pace, his men to prepare for an attack, and took himself a pair of pistols. I imitated his example, though I could not prevent myself from experiencing a sentiment of fear. The cavern and the thieves returned forcibly on my mind, and well knowing by fatal

experience the villany of such monsters, I dreaded the consequence of our meeting. Lord Warneck feigned not to perceive my uneasiness.—“Come, my friend,” said he, cheerfully, “let us shew these rascals that we do not fear them.” We were now within twenty paces of the spot where the robbers were concealed. Ignorant that we had discovered them, they rushed from their ambuscade and advanced towards the chaise, but seeing us well armed and ready to receive them, they stopped, and appeared to make a momentary pause; when one bolder than the rest advanced and fired at the postillion, but fortunately missed him. We instantly gave the villains a general discharge of our pieces: the aggressor was killed, and two others grievously wounded; the

rest seeing the fate of their companions, took to flight, seeking refuge in the thickest part of the wood, from whence they repeatedly fired at us. A ball pierced the door of the chaise, and struck my boot, making a slight contusion on my leg. We were charmed to be quit so easily, and ordering the postillion to drive full speed, gained in safety the place where we purposed staying all night.

When we had supped, " Confess, Lanfon," said Lord Warneck, smiling, " that you felt some alarm on account of the robbers. However, it is excusable: a young man is naturally attached to life, and it is very disagreeable to expose it against villains: custom alone reconciles us to danger."—" My lord," replied

replied I, " I cannot boast of heroism ; notwithstanding, be assured that the emotion you remarked on my features was less occasioned by the thought of danger than the remembrance of a similar situation in which I once found myself, and that had nearly concluded by the most fatal consequences." This conversation exciting my lord's curiosity, he entreated me to relate my adventures. I obeyed, making a faithful recital of all the occurrences of my life, without disguise. When I had concluded, " My dear Lanson," said he, " what you have just told me encreases the good opinion I already had of you : if you have had weaknesses, they have rather been occasioned by excess of sensibility than any vicious inclination. Though young, you have experienced many trials ; but

you ought rather to applaud yourself on that account than complain. Misfortune is the best school to form the mind: man there learns to appreciate, according to their real worth, those trifles on which public opinion alone has stamped a value.—It is but just I should return your confidence in kind: I will therefore relate to you the different events that have checquered my life.”

CHAP. II.

History of Lord Warneck.

“**B**IRTH and fortune are not always titles to happiness, particularly if we are born with a susceptible heart. I am descended from one of the first families
in

in England. My father, to a good fortune, added an unblemished reputation. He was one of the principal members of the opposition. I am the eldest of three sons; and as I was to succeed him in the house of peers, took the greatest care of my education. He sent me to the university at Oxford, where I remained until I reached my sixteenth year, at which period I returned to London, and was introduced into the great world.

“ My father had an intimate friend called Sir George Williams; he was also a zealous member of the opposition: they had been companions in the service, since which the conformity of their inclinations and opinions had united them in still closer bonds. The baronet was

C 4 a widower,

a widower, with an only daughter about my own age. Fanny was the companion of my infancy; we were never happy asunder:—our parents contemplating with pleasure this dawning of tenderness between two young people they designed to unite.

On my return from Oxford my first business was to visit Miss Williams. She testified a joy equal to my own. She was at this time about fifteen, tall and elegantly formed. Her features ripening to maturity had acquired that delicate regularity which constitutes the principal character of beauty. In short, Fanny at this early period was already spoken of as one of the most charming women in England.

“ I was

"I was of an age not to be blind to such perfection, and my childish friendship soon became love. Miss Williams partook this new sentiment. Mutually pleased with each other, we had no idea of declaring our tenderness: for in early youth the heart always gets the start of the understanding, and sensibility of experience.

"Two years elapsed in this pleasing intimacy. Our affection encreased daily. Absent from Fanny, I was discontent and uneasy; with her, I saw and heard none but herself. In short, Fanny was all my thoughts,—all my desires,—and all my affections.

"Among the numerous society that resorted to Sir George Williams's, Mr.

Walter was the most assiduous. He was only son to a rear-admiral of that name lately dead, and who had left him heir to immense riches. Thus, Mr. Walter, by his birth and fortune, might aspire to the first matches in England. I soon perceived that he loved Miss Williams; a discovery that did not greatly alarm me, as my rival possessed a disagreeable person, and though of mean capacity, a most ridiculous vanity. Besides, I was secure of the heart of Fanny, the union of our parents and their intention to unite us, also compleatly re-assured me: yet an unforeseen event, which was the source of all my misfortunes, soon convinced me what I had to fear from this odious rival.

"I have

“ I have already informed you that my father and the baronet were zealous members of the opposition.—There was at this time a strong debate respecting some fresh tax, and the motion that the ministerial party had made on this subject was on the point of being rejected in the House of Commons, by a few dissenting voices. The court determined to endeavour to gain Sir George Williams, well aware that by his influence they could obtain a majority. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was an artful and adroit minister, undertook the task, and so completely dazzled the understanding of Sir George by his fair promises, that he consented, passing suddenly from the opposition to the court party. As his opinion influenced a great number of members, the motion

passed, and the ministerial party triumphed, Sir George being recompensed for this service by the appointment of Secretary of State.

Without being acquainted with the violence of patriotic spirit in England, and to what a point of animosity that difference of opinion may rise which keeps up so salutary a balance, it is impossible to give you an idea of the rage of my father on this shameful defection of the baronet's. He immediately broke off his acquaintance, writing him a letter, in which he reproached him in the bitterest terms with his apostacy; concluding by an oath, never to hold communication with him more.

" This

" This letter irritated Sir George to the utmost degree : he answered it with equal acrimony. It is frequently dangerous to have reason on our side when we reproach a man with an error which he cannot recal. His self-love takes the alarm, and instead of relenting makes him prefer an open rupture to confessing his fault, his obstinacy justifying it in some measure in his own eyes, and representing as proper spirit his fear of appearing weak by an avowal which would give his adversary too much advantage over him. This was the case with Sir George Williams, the hatred between him and my father rising to the strongest degree of inveteracy. So true it is, that the most rancorous enemies are those who have once been intimate friends.

" I was

“ I was too soon apprized of this fatal revolution: my father calling me into his closet, said, ‘ My son, you are informed of the despicable weakness of Williams: the patriotic sentiments with which I have inspired you are to me a sure warrant that you regard him in the same light as I do.—Henceforward, every tie between us is broken; and I swear to him an implacable hatred that shall only conclude with my life. I have no doubt but you partake my just resentment. I had resolved to unite you with his daughter; but you must be sensible that such an alliance would now cover us with shame. ’Tis therefore, my son, unnecessary to desire you to see Fanny no more. Perhaps your heart may revolt against this order; but in the soul of an Englishman honour and patriotism

ought

ought to be the predominant sentiments, and I flatter myself you will stifle a passion that can never meet my concurrence.'

" I knew my father's temper too well to endeavour to change his resolution. I therefore only replied, that his resentment was just, and that I hoped he would ever find his son act up to the principles of honour he had inculcated.

" When I was alone I gave free vent to my grief. I considered my happiness for ever destroyed. I adored Fanny, she was snatched from me, without even my being permitted to bid her adieu.— Several days elapsed in this melancholy situation; my uneasiness was too acute to be concealed, though my father feigned

feigned not to observe it. He had doubtless never experienced the pangs of love, his predominant passion being centered in his country: he therefore thought that time would obliterate an affection which had no longer any aliment. But while hope is undestroyed, love remains in the heart, and like a torrent whose impetuosity is encreased by obstacles, augments and strengthens by difficulties, I lived in hope that some happy change would re-unite two men who had so greatly esteemed each other: but I then was unacquainted with the human heart, which though it easily passes from love to hatred, seldom, if ever, returns to its first sentiment.— Time, on the contrary, only encreased the hatred of my father and the baronet, whom I understood having met in public,

public, abused each other in the most derogatory manner; thus stamping their enmity in the eyes of the world, and forming a fresh obstacle to their reconciliation.

“ To complete this misfortune, I heard that Mr. Walter had redoubled his assiduity to Fanny, and that her father had accepted him for his son-in-law. This news awakening my love, made me forget my duty. I resolved to prevent this fatal marriage, whatever it might cost me. I had a valet who was a very adroit fellow, and beloved by Fanny’s maid: these domestics, regardless of their masters enmity, frequently saw each other privately. I therefore desired Roderick to engage Betty to deliver a letter to her mistress, accompanying

panying the request with a present. In this letter I declared to Fanny the unhappiness I experienced in being separated from her, also my hopes that her heart had not changed in respect to me; adding, that on her answer my life depended: swearing an eternal fidelity, and entreating her permission to write sometimes to her. Betty performed her commission with the utmost exactitude, and the next day delivered me the answer of my beloved Fanny. In this she declared that she had experienced too firmly the affection which was formed under the auspices of both our parents, for their divisions to make the least change in her heart;—that she should never love another, but that she depended on a father whose opinions were as irrevocable as those of mine;—that

she

she dreaded he should discover our correspondence, yet could not refrain giving herself as well as me that satisfaction, under proper restrictions, and that for the rest we must trust to time.——The certainty of still being beloved by Fanny greatly softened the vexation I experienced;—a commerce of letters was soon established between us;—Betty was entirely in my interest;—and the pleasure of thus communicating our thoughts enabled us to bear with more patience the pangs of absence.

“ Notwithstanding, the hatred of our parents appeared to lose none of its asperity, several of their mutual friends having in vain endeavoured to reconcile them. Fanny frequently informed me that the importunities of Walter were very

very troublesome to her, and that although she had repeatedly testified her aversion to his addresses, he was not repulsed, pretending to act by her father's approbation. This circumstance gave me considerable vexation. I frequently determined to use means to distance this odious rival, but a fear of injuring the character of Fanny prevented me: the cause of my quarrel with Walter would have been immediately discovered, as my former pretensions were well known, and Walter was now looked on by the world as Fanny's future husband. Our fathers would by that means have discovered the secret intelligence between us, and we should have been exposed to their resentment.

“ I had frequently solicited Fanny to grant me a private conversation, in
which

which we might concert measures more easily than by letter. This she however had constantly denied: fear of her father, and that innate delicacy and modesty which love never destroys in a virtuous heart, were the cause of her refusal. In short, one day when I had given up all hope of persuading her to favour me with an interview, Betty, whom I often met privately, sent for me. As soon as she saw me, 'Rejoice, sir,' said she, 'my mistress at length grants the meeting you have so long desired.'—I embraced Betty with rapture, who desired me not to fail at midnight being at the back door that opened into the garden.

" I need not tell you that I was true to my appointment. Betty let me in,
and

and conducted me to her mistress, who was waiting in a little arbour at the end of the garden. I threw myself at her feet.—‘Ah, my beloved Fanny,’ exclaimed I, ‘what unforeseen happiness! I once more behold you, and all my sorrows are forgotten.’—‘Warneck,’ replied she, ‘if any thing can excuse the step I have taken, it is the danger in which I find myself. What love could not effect, the fear of being united to a man whom I dread more than death has obliged me to adopt.’ Fanny then informed me that on the preceding evening her father had commanded her to look on Mr. Walter as her intended husband, as he had given him his consent, with a firm assurance of her ready obedience.—‘You may easily conceive, my dear Warneck, what sorrow I experienced

rienced on this order. I threw myself at my father's feet, conjuring him with tears not to unite me to a man for whom I had not the least inclination: he was however inflexible.—‘I see, ungrateful girl,’ answered he, ‘the motive of your refusal; you still love Warneck, the son of my most implacable enemy: but I here swear you never shall be his; your unworthy love is one reason for me to accelerate the marriage, which is very advantageous on your side, therefore prepare to obey me, (added he, with a look that made me shudder,) or expect the utmost effects of my resentment.’—With these words he quitted me, unable to reply, and overwhelmed with sorrow. What can I do, Warneck?’ continued Fanny: ‘how resist the will of a father whom I ever before delighted to obey?’

Yet

Yet I call heaven to witness, that I can love none but you, and fear death less than this hateful marriage.'—' You love me, Fanny!' exclaimed I, with transport, ' then does not your heart point out the only means of rescuing you from the tyranny of a father unworthy the name, and a detested marriage that would embitter your whole future life? Can you hesitate to trust yourself to the honour of a lover to whom yours is as dear as his own? Let us fly, my dear Fanny, from those barbarous men who think to command the hearts of others, while themselves are slaves to passion and rancour.—Let us be united by indissoluble bonds.—What consent do we need but that of a just and beneficent God, who knows our hearts, and witnesses the purity of our intentions?—

We

We will seek in another country the tranquillity denied us here. Perhaps some future day our parents, touched by our mutual affection, may relent, and banish a hatred that disgraces both, acknowledge their injustice, and recal to their hearts those paternal sentiments we merit. It is possible to serve their country, and to enjoy different opinions, without introducing personal animosity, which blinds instead of enlightening them to the real interest of the state.—

‘What, Warneck,’ exclaimed Fanny, ‘would you have me disgrace myself by failing in the most sacred duties,—expose myself to a father’s curse, and the dreadful effects of his resentment? No, Warneck, I can never consent.—’

I combated Fanny’s objections with all the eloquence of love, but the utmost

I could obtain was another interview on the third night following. Betty informed me it was time to retire: I knew not how to tear myself from my beloved Fanny. I repeatedly kissed her hand, and bathed it with my tears: she partook my emotion; and promising to make a final effort on the mind of her father, we separated.

“The next day I received a letter from Fanny, which informed me that her endeavours to soften her father had only served to irritate him, and that he had concluded by insisting on her espousing Walter in three days. This letter plunged me in inexpressible sorrow. I feared that Fanny would at length be obliged to submit, as I well knew the power a father has over a virtuous daughter

daughter who has ever been accustomed to fulfil her duty. Driven to despair, I determined to use the only means I had remaining,—which was to challenge Walter, and force him to relinquish Fanny, or perish in the attempt.

“ This project was no sooner formed than executed. I wrote to my rival to meet me at the entrance of the Park at five in the evening, leaving him the choice of weapons; but at the same time informing him, that the death of one party should alone conclude the combat, unless he renounced his pretensions to Miss Williams.—There are cowards even among the English. I was at the rendezvous before the appointed time, and fruitlessly waited for two hours;—no Walter appeared. Vexed

at my disappointment, and boiling with indignation at the pusillanimity of my rival, I returned home, devising means to encounter the poltroon, who was unworthy the name of Englishman. On my arrival, Roderick gave me a note, in which Walter informed me that not having any concern whatever with me, he had no right to accept my challenge, particularly as it was made in too imperious a manner for him to think it necessary to obey the summons. I saw this excuse was but a palliation of his cowardice, and therefore determined to force him to come to a proper explanation.

“ At length the night arrived that I had waited for with such impatience. Betty as before introduced me to her
6 mistress.

mistress. I found Fanny in tears. 'It is inevitably fixed, my dear Warneck,' said she, 'we must part for ever. This is our last meeting. In two days I shall be united to the man I detest most on earth, and that day shall be the last of my life.'—I mingled my tears with hers. At length informing her of the challenge I had sent to Walter, and his despicable refusal to accept it, 'This last trait,' added I, 'must convince you of the pusillanimous weakness of the wretch to whom they wish to unite you. Can you resolve to marry a man so unworthy of you? Think, my dear Fanny, a coward is capable of the most atrocious acts; and Walter, once possessed of your hand, well knowing that he cannot obtain your heart, from your husband will become your tyrant.'—

‘What!’ exclaimed Fanny, ‘is it possible that Walter should be so despicable, yet be the man to whom my father designs to unite me?’——

“She ceased, and appeared to reflect for some minutes.—‘The conflict is over,’ resumed she with energy, ‘my scruples are vanished: for though an Englishwoman can sacrifice her happiness to her duty, yet she cannot suffer meanness. That vice deprives Walter of all the right paternal authority had given him over me. It even breaks the bonds that attached me to my duty, since my father has no power to force me to commit a crime; and surely it is one to be united to a cowardly wretch, and by becoming his wife submit to be his accomplice. Yes, Warneck, I am ready
to

to undertake every thing to escape this hateful union. Act for me as you please; your honour is a warrant for the security of mine, and I'll follow you if necessary to the world's end.'

" Charmed to find her in such sentiments, I neglected nothing to strengthen her resolution and dissipate her fears. We resolved to put our project in execution the very next day, trusting Betty, who swore never to abandon her mistress, with our intention. After this we conversed on means to facilitate our flight: at length I retired, my heart overflowing with love and joy.

" The day following I took all the necessary precautions. I borrowed a considerable sum of one of my friends,

and deposited my most valuable effects in a trunk, ordering Roderick to procure a post-chaise to wait at a short distance from the house of Sir George Williams.—The expected hour at length arrived: I repaired to the garden-gate, and was soon joined by my trembling Fanny and her maid. I endeavoured to re-assure her, and catching her in my arms, conveyed her to the chaise, in which I also placed Betty, and seated myself, Roderick preceding us to procure fresh horses. We continued our route with as little delay as possible to Edinburgh, where we united our hands as firmly as our hearts. Our marriage was celebrated without pomp, but love presided and embellished our simple entertainment. In short, my dear Lanfon, I became the happiest of men: Fanny's affection

affection was as great as my own, and she gave way without fear to those sentiments which virtue approves."

CHAP. III.

*Continuation of the History of Lord
Warneck.*

"I Had some relations at Edinburgh, whom I went to visit; they received us with the greatest politeness. As it is very common in our island to see matches formed without the consent of parents, they conceived no unfavourable impression on our account. Two days after our marriage I received a letter from the friend who advanced the money, and who was also the confident of our flight.

He informed me, that my father was violently irritated against me, but that his anger was trifling in comparison of Sir Georges, who swore with the bitterest imprecations to be revenged on me, and that he was making the most minute enquiries to discover where we had retired. My friend also informed me, that Walter appeared deeply afflicted with the loss of a fortune which he thought secure; and that seconding the baronet's projects of vengeance, he had set off the day after our elopement in pursuit of us, declaring he would deprive me of life if I refused to surrender Fanny.

“ The threats of Walter made not the least impression on me; but as we were not secure from the resentment of our
parents,

parents, being under age, we resolved to go to America. Fanny had an uncle who was governor of St. Domingo; her mother was a Spaniard, the baronet having married her when he went on a secret mission to the court of Madrid. We had no doubt but this uncle would interest himself in our favour, and give us all necessary assistance. In consequence of this resolution we left Edinburgh, and sailed from the nearest port on board a ship bound for Jamaica.

“ Our voyage was fortunate: Fanny was but slightly incommoded. In six weeks we reached St. Jago de la Vega, the principal town in Jamaica. Here we determined to remain some weeks to recover our fatigue. I visited the governor, informing him that my inten-

tion was to repair to St. Domingo to see a relation of my wife's, concealing however our flight from England. Sir Hanson Wright (which was his name) received me with the utmost kindness, and we soon became intimately acquainted, Hanson sparing no pains to procure Fanny and myself all the amusement which the island could afford.

“ We had been near a month at St. Jago when a Spanish ship arrived in the port to make an exchange of merchandize. We prepared every thing to depart with this vessel which was to sail in three days. The house where we lodged was situated at the extremity of the city, and adjoining a small and unfrequented wood, in which Fanny and myself often walked. The evening previous

previous to our departure we repaired thither as usual, conversing on the different arrangements necessary in our situation. We designed to leave two letters with Sir Hanson, entreating him to forward them to England as soon as possible: one was for my father, the other for that of Fanny. In these we informed our parents of our arrival in Jamaica, entreating pardon for our disobedience; and, in short, saying every thing we could surmize to soften them in our favour.

“ As we were returning, conversing on the wished-for effect of these letters, five men masked rushed out of a thicket, three seizing Fanny, and the other two attacking me with their swords. I had no weapon but a cane with which I for
some

some time parried their thrusts; but at length overpowered, I received several wounds, at the last of which I fell, deprived of knowledge, remaining, as near as I can guess, near an hour in that state. Roderick and Betty, uneasy at our long stay, came to seek us in our usual walk, where they found me to all appearance lifeless, and bathed in blood. These faithful servants immediately procured assistance to carry me home, and called in a surgeon who stanchd the blood and bound up my wounds: happily, or rather unhappily for me, none of them were mortal.

“ When I revived from my insensibility, I threw my eyes on every side, and at length asked for Fanny. Roderick then informed me in what a state

I

I had

I had been found, but that he was ignorant what was become of my wife.—
'O heaven!' exclaimed I, 'she is stolen from me, and I am unable to pursue the villains who have perpetrated so heinous an action. Fly, Roderick, and inform Sir Hanson of this fatal event. Entreat him from me to cause the most exact enquiries to be made after my assassins, and the robbers who have bereaved me of my wife.' My weakness would not permit me to say more. Roderick immediately ran to perform his commission, and on his return informed me that Sir Hanson appeared as much afflicted as provoked at the outrage we had received, and had desired him to assure me, that he regarded the insult as his own, and that he would immediately send in pursuit of the
authors

authors of this double villany. This message tranquillized me a little, notwithstanding I was not without the most cruel inquietudes on the consequences of this atrocious act. I trembled for Fanny, and suspected Walter.—‘He only,’ cried I, could be guilty of so perfidious and villanous an action. He has doubtless discovered the road we have taken, followed us, and, accompanied by wretches of his own character, perpetrated this accursed project.’ I confirmed myself in this idea: I even thought I recollected in one of the assassins the height and air of Walter. In my fury I swore to pursue that villain through the world, and to make him expiate by his blood this fresh outrage. I knew the heart of Fanny, and that she would sooner suffer death than submit

mit to dishonour; but I had every thing to fear from the rascality of my rival, whose guilty love might prompt him to use violence with my wife. These reflections wrought so strongly on my mind, and heated my blood, that my wounds opened afresh, and threw me again into a state of insensibility, from which I was with difficulty recovered; the surgeon then informing me that if I did not become more tranquil, my life was in the utmost danger. The hope of finding Fanny, and revenging myself on Walter, made me determine to endeavour to moderate my passion.

"The next day Sir Hanson came to visit me, testifying how sensible he was of my misfortune, and communicating the measures he had taken. After a conversation

conversation which my weakness would not suffer to be prolonged, he quitted me with an assurance of every effort in his power to revenge me.

“ In something more than three weeks I was able to leave my bed, but was still extremely weak. I waited with impatience for my gaining sufficient strength to go in search of my wife, Sir Hanfon declaring his pursuit fruitless. This was the more astonishing, as in the island of Jamaica no vessel entered or left the harbours without his knowledge, and on shore enquiries could hardly fail of success. In short, finding myself entirely recovered from my wounds in about a month, I determined to search every corner of the island, and the ports, to see whether I could not discover

cover Walter. The evening before my intended departure I strayed, overwhelmed with melancholy, to contemplate the fatal spot where my beloved Fanny had been snatched from me,—where we had conversed for the last time,—and where, doubtless, the villain Walter thought he had assassinated me. I had walked near half an hour, lost in sorrowful reflections, when finding myself fatigued, I pushed aside some branches to seat myself on the ground, and discovered a pocket-book which they had concealed from my sight. I instantly snatched it up, with a presentiment that it might give me some information respecting the villains who had stolen my wife. My expectations were not deceived, the pocket-book was Walter's. After reading several letters,

none

none of which gave me the least hope of discovery, I found one signed by Sir Hanson: in this he informed Walter, that all was ready in the pavillion at the bottom of the garden to receive Fanny;—that he might depend on the three men he had sent to assist him;—concluding by entreating him to use all necessary precaution to make his success complete.—‘The traitor!’ exclaimed I, in a frenzy of rage, ‘is it thus that under the specious appearance of probity and friendship he has abused my confidence? Can the earth bear such a monster? But I will be revenged, and punish his falsehood, equally with the villain of whom he has become the accomplice.’

“As

“As I returned homeward I became more cool, reflecting that Hanson enjoying a most unlimited power in the island, and the inhabitants being entirely at his devotion, it was not safe for me to confide in any one; for should he discover that I was informed of his being the villanous accomplice of Walter, I had every thing to fear: he might force me to leave the island before I could rescue Fanny from his hands.—These reflections made me resolve to dissemble.

“Arrived at home I informed Roderick and Betty of the discovery I had made, after which we deliberated on the means of delivering her. The first care was to let Fanny know I was yet living, that I had discovered her retreat, and
was

was resolved to rescue her. After devising and rejecting several different projects, we determined on an invention that appeared the most feasible. The pavillion where Hanson concealed my wife, was quite alone, and separated by an extensive garden from the governor's palace. The windows of this pavillion were towards the sea, on a part of the shore that was totally unfrequented and solitary. I employed Roderick to hire a fisherman for a good sum to take us thither in his boat, procuring also a long ladder, which was necessary for our purpose. My valet easily executed my commission, for by the power of gold there are but few things which cannot be accomplished.

“Late

“Late at night I repaired with Roderick to the sea shore;—the fisherman was waiting for us: we entered his boat, and in a quarter of an hour reached the pavillion. After having anchored our boat as firmly as we possibly could, we placed our ladder against the wall, which Roderick and the fisherman held, lest the motion of the boat should make it slip, while I ascended to the first window in the pavillion. I knew not in what apartment Fanny was confined, or whether she was alone, but resolved to risk every thing. I tapped gently at the window, calling in a low voice on the name of my beloved wife. Fanny instantly recognized me.—‘Is it really you, my dear Warneck?’ replied she, in a tremulous and ill-assured voice, ‘how is it possible you could get hither?’

—‘Are

—‘Are there any difficulties that my tenderness cannot surmount?’ replied I. ‘But, my dear Fanny, is there no one to overhear us?’ She informed me there was no person in the pavillion but the woman appointed to attend on her, who slept in an adjoining apartment, and that even should she be awake she could not overhear us in the low key we spoke.

“After having declared to each other the pleasure we experienced at this meeting, I informed my wife in few words how I had discovered the villany of Walter, and the perfidy of the governor.—‘My dear Warneck,’ interrupted Fanny, ‘Hanson is yet more culpable than you imagine.’—She then informed me that the governor was in love with
her,

her, that by some means he had banished Walter, and was perpetually importuning her with his passion.— ‘The villain,’ added she, ‘does not blush to fix the price of my liberty on my dishonour, and I am in perpetual fear that his criminal passion will lead him to use violence.’

“This information of Fanny’s augmented my fury against Hanson: I promised myself ample vengeance upon this disgraceful governor as soon as possible.—But a far more essential object employed me at the present moment, that of delivering my wife from the power of a wretch who doubtless was equal to the commission of the most flagrant crimes, since he could sacrifice his probity and honour to a guilty passion;

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sion; it was therefore necessary to snatch her immediately from the danger to which she was exposed. I resolved to execute my project the following night, desiring Fanny to be ready at the same hour, after which we separated in the hope of soon being re-united. I descended into the boat, which brought us to shore without any accident.

“ After taking a few hours rest I prepared for our project. I engaged the fisherman to procure us a vessel large enough to carry us to the first port in St. Domingo. He informed me that one of his relations had a shallop which would exactly suit, if I chose to engage it. I accompanied the fisherman to his friend's, whom I persuaded by the presentation of a considerable sum, and a
6 promise

promise to take care of his future fortune on our arrival at St. Domingo. Jackson (which was his name) consented, and we determined on our measures; he was to leave the port at night fall, and wait for us in open sea, at some distance from the pavillion.

“ On my return home I received a visit from Sir Hanson. At the sight of him I underwent the most violent emotion: my blood boiled in my veins: I could hardly refrain from falling on the villain, and sacrificing him to my fury. Notwithstanding, the interest of my dear Fanny engaged me to dissemble, and conceal my sentiments: I received him therefore as usual, he accosting me with that specious appearance of cordiality and beneficence which he so easily

easily could assume. In the course of the conversation I informed him that I was determined to depart in search of the villains who had stolen my wife. He replied, that after all the fruitless enquiries made in the island he doubted mine would be unsuccessful, as he was almost assured that the infamous perpetrators had left St. Jago immediately after the execution of their enterprize.

“ I saw through the drift of this discourse:—my presence incommoded him, he therefore wished me to depart, lest by my stay in the island I should discover his connection with Walter, and his villainy towards Fanny. I however still concealed my rage. I even secretly enjoyed the thought of his being my dupe, while he thought me his. After a short

conversation he left me, saying he hoped that I should favour him with a visit before my departure.

“As soon as Hanson left me I finished my preparations. At night all my effects were put secretly on board, and at the appointed hour Roderick, Betty, and myself, being provided with several files, and two ladders, arrived under the walls of the pavillion. We placed our ladders, and accompanied by Roderick I reached the apartment of Fanny. She was waiting for us. ‘My beloved wife,’ said I, ‘return thanks to God; the moment of your deliverance is near.’ Roderick and myself then began to file the iron bars that secured the windows, which was no easy task, being of a thickness to have discouraged any one who was not

animated by a motive as powerful as that of delivering the person most dear to them from slavery and dishonour.— In short, after an hour and half's labour we procured a passage. I leaped into the chamber, and again clasped my Fanny, whose arms were open to receive me. I assisted her to get upon the window; Roderick was ready to help her to descend the ladder. I speedily followed them. We instantly put off, and soon reached the shallop, where having largely recompensed the fisherman, we set sail for St. Domingo."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

*Continuation of the History of Lord
Warneck.*

"AT day-break we had lost sight of the island, consequently were out of danger. Fanny and myself then gave way to the pleasure we experienced at our happy meeting, regardless of the sorrows which villany had occasioned us. I however could not help regretting my being obliged to leave the miscreants unpunished, whose crimes their blood alone could expiate: however I promised myself revenge some future day. When our first raptures were over, I desired my wife to give me an account

of all that had happened her since our separation.

‘ I cannot express to you, my dear Warneck,’ said Fanny, ‘ the horror I experienced when seized by the three villains ; yet that sensation was redoubled when I saw you attacked by the two others, and at length sink beneath their swords. I fainted, in which state I was conveyed to the pavillion. Restored to my senses, I gave way to despair, calling on death, and loading with execrations the miscreants who had murdered my husband ; for I had no doubt but they had completed their crime, and that you was lost to me for ever. Two women who were placed to attend on me endeavoured in vain to console me.

‘ I was

“I was in this unhappy situation when Walter appeared; at the sight of that monster I gave a cry of horror, and without giving him time to speak a word, flew at him, loading him with the most opprobrious names. I know not how far my rage might have carried me, had not the two women saved him from my fury. He retired in the greatest precipitation;—the cowardly villain feared even the weak efforts of a woman, and shrunk away alarmed. Notwithstanding, the violence of the sensations I had experienced threw me into a fever, which made such rapid progress, that in a few days I was in extreme danger. In my delirium I thought I saw you, my dear Warneck, and we held the most tender conversations; then speedily forgetting that delightful illusion, I re-

turned to a confused recollection of my misfortune, weeping your unhappy fate, and venting bitter curses on Walter.

‘ One day after a violent paroxysm I sunk for a considerable time into a state of insensibility, little in appearance removed from death ; on reviving from which I discovered Sir Hanson seated by my bed-side. On my giving an exclamation of surprize, he rose.—“ Calm your spirits, madam,” said he, “ and preserve a life so necessary to the happiness of many.”—“ What avails life,” replied I, “ when I have lost my husband ?”—“ Your husband yet lives, madam,” returned the governor.—“ Alive !” exclaimed I : “ Warneck alive !——Ah, sir, seek not to deceive me.”—“ Believe me, on my word, your husband,

husband, although he has been in the utmost danger, is at present almost re-established.”—“O heaven! my husband alive!” repeated I, in a transport of joy: “but by what happy chance do I see you here? how did you discover the retreat where the villains have confined me?” The governor replied, that he would inform me of every particular when my health would permit; that until that time it was sufficient for me to know that I had nothing to fear from the violence of Walter.

“The assurance which Hanson had given me that you were living, my dear Warneck, was more efficacious than all the assistance of art, and I was soon out of danger. As my health grew better, Sir Hanson came to visit me several

times a day. I ever enquired after you; he assured me you was out of danger, but that you had not recovered strength sufficient to quit your apartment. I entreated him to cause me to be conveyed to you, but he declined it, under pretence that my health was not yet enough re-established for me to be removed without danger. One day that I had pressed him more warmly than usual, he replied, "Do you then desire my death, charming Fanny? for it is certain that I cannot survive your loss, and would purchase, at the price of my blood, the happiness of enjoying your company some time longer."

"I leave you to judge, Warneck, the surprize I experienced at these words. Hanson, without waiting my answer, threw

threw himself at my feet.—“ Yes, madam, I adore you; love entered my heart the first moment I saw you: but despairing to gain your favour, I should ever have concealed it, but for the event which separated you from your husband.”

The governor then informed me that Walter was his relation;—that he followed us in the Spanish merchantman, and on his arrival had related to him our elopement the day before the intended marriage, entreating him to favour his project, as could he once get me to England our marriage would be declared illegal, and I should readily consent to espouse him.—“ The confidence of Walter,” continued Hanson, “ inspired a ray of hope in my bosom. I thought that by appearing to second his views, I might be useful to you. On
my

my persuasion he brought you to this pavillion; but I was in no measure privy to the attack made on Warneck, nor could I ever have supposed Walter capable of such baseness. Yet more, madam, his infamous conduct and the manner in which you received him determined me to restore you to your husband, and put it out of Walter's power to injure you.—In short, I have had no view but your safety, and to acquire some rights on your gratitude.”

‘ I clearly discovered that Hanson sought to palliate his own faults, and to make a merit of his part of the villany. I was exasperated at his effrontery, but my interest engaged me to dissemble.—“ I am willing to believe,” replied I to the governor, “ that your conduct has
not

not been contrary to honour, consequently must meet my gratitude: but how could you suppose that I would ever listen to your passion, when you well know my firm attachment to Warneck. Could you imagine me so weak that separation should render affection and duty less sacred in my eyes?"—

"No, madam," replied he, "I never pretended to break those bonds which are so dear to you. I feel that I cannot aspire to gain a heart so devoted to another: but I at least flattered myself that the service I rendered you, and restoring you to your spouse, would soften you in my favour, and that you might grant to pity what I could not hope from love."—"Is it really Sir Hanson," said I, haughtily, "that dares affront the wife of Warneck by such a discourse? You
speak

“speak of restoring me to my husband, yet wish me to be faithless to him.— Would you thus be paid for performing what honour and duty demand? Banish such unworthy thoughts, and recal those sentiments of generosity I once thought you possessed. I should be pained to change my opinion of Sir Hanson.”—
“I well know, madam,” replied he, “that I fail in that generosity of which I flatter myself I have before given frequent proofs. But, alas, understanding in vain struggles against a passion so violent as mine: and when once love has stifled virtue in a heart where it was before predominant, there are no extremities but which it may lead to. No, madam, (continued he, after some few moments silence,) I cannot resolve to destroy my hopes. Reflect, you are in
my

my power; and I will perish rather than surrender you."——

‘ With these words he retired, without giving me time to reply. I leave you to judge, my dear Warneck, the fear and sorrow they occasioned me.— I had every thing to apprehend from a man who resolved to sacrifice his honour to his passion. Notwithstanding, I was determined to suffer death rather than consent to his infamous desires; therefore, when he returned the next day to ask the result of my deliberations, I informed him of my resolution, reproaching him with his disgraceful behaviour; he however was not repulsed, redoubling his importunities; sometimes from entreaties changing to the most dreadful menaces;—and I really think

think that he would soon have attempted to put his threats in execution, had not heaven, my dear Warneck, sent you to my deliverance.'

" Fanny had just concluded her recital, when we discovered land. After coasting some time, we entered the port of St. Domingo, which is the principal town in the possession of the Spaniards in the island of Hispaniola. On my arrival I was informed that my wife's uncle was no longer governor, having departed a month before for his own country. This information greatly afflicted me;—I depended much on the assistance of this gentleman, my funds being considerably decreased. However, we determined to present ourselves to the new governor, in hopes that he would

would receive us graciously, in consideration to his predecessor, and the family of Fanny. In effect the governor, Don Inigo de Porbera, treated us with the utmost kindness, saying to Fanny that he should esteem himself particularly happy if he could be of the least utility to the niece of a man for whom he had ever had a particular esteem. He presented us to his wife, who received us with that distinguished politeness that appertains to persons of birth and family. This lady was much younger than her husband, and might truly be called handsome; her features were regular, with fine black eyes full of life and expression;—her complexion was dark when compared with Fanny's, yet so clear and fresh that it was impossible to wish it otherwise. Spanish
haughtiness

haughtiness was strongly imprinted on her features; she possessed the utmost animation in every action, and when she spoke entered into the subject with a vivacity and energy that shewed the violence of her feelings. Don Inigo appeared between forty and fifty years of age: his person, without being handsome, was pleasing; grave and reserved in his manner, he was cautious in forming attachments, but when once interested became a firm and sincere friend. Generous and humane for the pleasure of being so, his soul was never swayed by self-love. Invariably attached to his duty, his conduct never contradicted his principles, following the system he had formed with the greater ease, as nature had implanted in his disposition none of those headstrong passions.

passions which so frequently lead men to transgress the bounds prescribed by honour and virtue.

“ The kind reception of Don Inigo engaged me to disclose my situation; he was pleased with the confidence I reposed in him, entreated my friendship, and insisted we should reside in his palace.

“ I had the utmost reason to applaud myself with having formed an acquaintance with Inigo; the generous Spaniard neglecting nothing to render our stay agreeable, behaving to us with that kindness and friendship that doubled the price of his benevolence. We soon became inseparable, the strictest friendship being formed between us. Fanny
was

was equally pleased with the governor's wife, the utmost intimacy taking place as they became acquainted ; but the tranquillity we enjoyed was of short duration, and by the strangest contrariety, love, that passion which caused our happiness, was also to be a perpetual source of misfortune.

CHAP. V.

*Continuation of the History of Lord
Warneck.*

"WE had been some months with Don Inigo, when on a sudden Donna Porbera became thoughtful and melancholy, an air of constraint reigning in her words and manners that surprized me,

me. Frequently had I caught her eyes fixed on me, which she instantly would remove, with her face overspread with blushes. Sometimes in conversation she would praise me, but on a momentary recollection stop short, as if she feared saying too much in my favour. At first I knew not to what cause to attribute this alteration in her behaviour, but speedily gained melancholy information on the subject.

“ One day that some slight indisposition confined Fanny to her apartment, I went as usual to pay my compliments to our hosts; I found Donna Porbera alone: she no sooner perceived me than her face was covered with blushes, which almost instantaneously gave place to a more than usual paleness. After
the

the first compliments she enquired for Fanny. I replied in terms which shewed my tenderness to my wife.—

‘How I envy the fate of Fanny,’ said she, ‘to possess a husband that loves her so tenderly.’—‘Madam,’ replied I,

‘Don Inigo surely gives you no cause of complaint on that score.’—‘I have no reason to complain of my spouse,’ returned she; ‘he loves me, and on that account am I the more miserable.’

—‘How,’ replied I, ‘is it possible that the affection of Don Inigo can make you unhappy?’—‘My dear Warneck,’

said the lady, ‘you are not ignorant that in an union like marriage, esteem is but a feeble substitute for love, and unhappily I can grant nothing farther to Inigo. My parents united us without consulting me; I hardly was ac-

quainted

quainted with him before he became my husband. I have every reason to be satisfied with his conduct, but love is not to be commanded. That sympathetic attraction,—that nameless charm, that seizes at once on the heart, I have not met with in Inigo. Unhappily, my extreme sensibility, joined to a heart naturally tender, and which is alone actuated by the most lively impressions, cannot accommodate itself with the cold and serious tenderness of Porbera. —With him I have never experienced that union of soul,—those inexpressible delights of love which are the blessings of life, and after which my heart continually languishes.’——At these words Donna Porbera gave me a look whose expression was by no means equivocal, I understood its signification, but feign-

ing not to comprehend the purpose of her discourse, I pitied her misfortune, in not being able to love a man so respectable, and who entirely merited her tenderness: then forming a pretence of absence, I retired greatly agitated on the discovery I had made;—for the looks, the manners, the discourses of Donna Porbera, were now all explained, all announced her views on me. Even though I had not been united to Fanny by the bonds of affection as well as those of Hymen, and to Inigo by those of friendship and gratitude, I could have felt no sentiment for Donna Porbera but indifference. Her disposition and mine were widely different; and though she was handsome, her features were destitute of that softness and feminine modesty which to me is the most powerful

erful charm of beauty. In considering her attentively, what first struck a stranger as *bauteur*, was rather, on nearer examination, a repulsive harshness. In short, to my idea there was something dark and sinister imprinted on her countenance.

“ I instantly discovered what vexatious consequences might accrue from the passion of this woman, should I give it the least encouragement; I therefore determined to avoid all occasions of being alone with her, and to continue feigning ignorance of her sentiments; I also resolved to conceal the whole from Fanny, for love is easily alarmed,—exaggerates its fears,—and delights in seeking pain. A woman ever dreads a rival, however secure she may be of the

honour of the person who possesses her heart.

“ Donna Porbera soon discovered my change of conduct, and penetrated the motive; but when once love has insinuated itself into the heart of a woman of strong passions, difficulties only serve to augment it, and was the only effect my indifference produced on the wife of Inigo. She became daily more gloomy and thoughtful:—the presence of Fanny was insupportable to her, which, though she took the utmost pains to conceal, I could not but discover she regarded as a hated rival.

“ One afternoon Don Inigo proposed to walk and enjoy the fine weather: we immediately went to the garden: the
governor

governor offered his arm to Fanny, which obliged me to give mine to his wife. Insensibly we strayed from each other, Donna Porbera purposely quickening her pace for that purpose.—After some moments silence—‘What delightful weather,’ said she, with an agitation that did not escape me: ‘not a cloud obscures the sky;—all nature is calm;—while trouble and sorrow reign in my heart.’—‘Madam,’ replied I, ‘when every thing smiles on you, and fortune and nature have bestowed on you their most precious gifts, your days ought to pass as serene as this we now enjoy.’—‘Ah,’ replied she, warmly, ‘what to me are the gifts of fortune, when I am deprived of the enjoyments most dear to a susceptible heart? While love refuses me those pleasures which in

my eyes are the only good in life, and that the person who could bestow pretends not to discover my tendernefs.'

" This discourse, which was evidently directed to me, threw me into the greatest perplexity, and I remained some time unable to reply. At length I said, that 'doubtless every one must do justice to her merit, and possess the utmost respect and esteem for——.'—'Esteem!' interrupted she, tenderly, 'can so cold a sentiment reply to a love like mine? But I see, Warneck,' added she, with a kind of shame, 'that I must explain myself more clearly. I must surmount all my scruples. In short, 'tis yourself; yes, you, my dear Warneck, that have inspired me with a passion for which my heart was formed:—'tis you I love,

as

as much as 'tis possible for man to be beloved.'

" Donna Porbera had not concluded here, but Inigo and Fanny, fortunately for me, at that moment joined us. The good Don joked us on our private conversation, saying to Fanny, 'Madam, it appears to me that Warneck and my wife understand each other perfectly well; suppose we pay them in kind; I shall willingly consent to the exchange.'—'You would lose too greatly,' replied Fanny, smiling.—'I thank you for the compliment,' answered Donna Porbera, smothering her emotion, 'but Warneck is surely not the last to know your merit, and doubtless every other woman is indifferent to him.'—Speaking these words

Donna Porbera gave me a glance which I perfectly comprehended.

"As the weather was becoming cloudy we returned to the house. I was in the greatest perplexity; for after the confession Donna Porbera had made, there was no decorum but what she could step over, and I might expect fresh testimonies of a passion of which her behaviour bespoke the excess. I knew not what conduct to adopt in so delicate a situation. To have gained time by flattering the hopes of Donna Porbera, would have been to deceive her; neither was I ignorant how much hope sustains and augments love: besides, dissimulation was never a part of my character. Notwithstanding all this, to repulse entirely the advances of the
wife

wife of Inigo was a dangerous experiment, for there is nothing which a woman can so ill forgive as a man who despises her charms ; and the more lively her passion, the stronger is the hatred occasioned by his disdain. In this point Donna Porbera was yet more than another woman ;—she was a Spaniard : and there are no extremities of which a Spaniard is not capable, when she finds herself disdained.

“ Fanny discovered my agitation, and when we were alone asked the cause. I endeavoured to turn it on indisposition, but my wife was not to be duped by that excuse, and pressed me so earnestly that I gave way to her entreaties, informing her of the unfortunate inclination of Donna Porbera, and the declaration she

had just made me; adding, that a fear of alarming her tenderness had prevented me until the present moment from disclosing it to her.

“ Fanny was astonished beyond measure. We deliberated what party to take to avoid the disagreeable effects of Donna Porbera’s passion. We could fix on none but instantly quitting the island, and retiring to some other spot. We had just formed this resolution, which we determined to put in execution as speedily as possible, when Don Inigo entered our apartment.—‘ An affair of the utmost importance,’ said he, ‘ obliges me to leave you for some time. I must immediately repair to Porto Rico; but my stay shall be as short as possible. I shall

shall be impatient to return to my dear friends.'

"This information greatly concerned me, as I could not conveniently quit the island before his return, and I much feared his absence would embolden Donna Porbera to persecute me with her love, and perhaps to revenge herself on my indifference. I testified to the governor the sorrow his absence would occasion me, and entreated him to hasten his return.—We embraced, and Inigo left us.

"As we usually eat at the governor's table, during his absence we could not avoid continuing the same custom, and keeping company with Donna Porbera; but our conversations had no longer

their usual charm, the tender effusion that accompanies sincere friendship was wanting. The wife of Inigo was serious and constrained; I was visibly embarrassed, and Fanny not more at ease, though she used her utmost efforts to appear cheerful, in order that Donna Porbera might not suspect she was acquainted with her sentiments for me. Such is the effect of love: it embellishes or empoisons all, and is the blessing or the curse of life.

“ Don Inigo had been absent about eight days, when one morning Donna Porbera sent to desire me to come to her apartment, as she wished to communicate the contents of a letter she had just received from her husband. Fanny was still in bed, and I could not refuse

to

to attend her without rudeness; I therefore obeyed the summons, determined that should she again mention her guilty inclination, to answer in a manner to deprive her of hope, and to represent her duty to the worthy Don Inigo in the strongest terms. I found her stretched carelessly on a sofa, dressed in an elegant dishabille; a transparent gauze covered her bosom, and was skilfully deranged to shew its beauty; in short, her whole dress announced her intention: but this sight, so far from the effect designed, inspired me with nothing but disgust.

"Donna Porbera, on my entrance, experienced an emotion which did not escape me:—her complexion assumed a deeper tinct, and her eyes became languid;

guid ; notwithstanding which, their natural fire predominated over the suffusion of tenderness. She shewed me the letter that she had received from Don Inigo, which when I had perused I testified to her how highly I was flattered by the friendship of her spouse ; that through life I should always recollect it with gratitude, and also the kindnesses Fanny and myself had received from her. I then rose to quit her, but she desired me not to leave her.— ‘ Warneck,’ said she, in a languishing voice, ‘ you fly me,—you shun my presence :—I too plainly discover it. Is it thus you reply to a love like mine, when you see to what it has reduced me ? A passion, that I have not blushed to confess, and which has rendered me regardless of honour, duty, and every sacred engagement.

engagement. Judge then of my affection, when such sacrifices are trivial in my eyes.—‘I feel, madam,’ replied I, ‘the worth of a heart like yours, and any other man would doubtless think himself happy to be beloved by so charming a lady: but, madam, I need not inform you, that tenderness is not to be commanded. Long have I been united to Fanny by every tie of affection. I am equally beloved by my wife; and even yourself would think me unworthy that happiness, if I could forget my oaths and sacred engagements: nor should my coldness offend you, since my heart was Fanny’s before I had the honor of seeing you.’—‘I am far,’ replied Donna Porbera, ‘from wishing to deprive your wife of the rights she has over your heart: love does not render me
word unjust:

unjust: but, Warneck, I adore you, and must die if you afford me no return.—No, I do not pretend to aspire to your whole tenderness, but at least share it between Fanny and myself: the smallest return will make me the happiest of women.’—In saying these words Donna Porbera leaned upon me, taking my hand, which she pressed to her cheek and bathed with her tears.

“ I was greatly moved: the tears of a woman always produce more or less effect on the heart of a man of feeling: but the image of my gentle Fanny suddenly presented itself to my thoughts, and restored my usual firmness. After some moments silence, ‘ Madam,’ said I, to Donna Porbera, ‘ your tenderness honours me to the highest degree; but
how

how can I reply to it, when neither my heart nor person are mine to bestow? Affection is not to be divided; it either reigns as master, or does not subsist at all. Pity me, therefore, and regard me as one unworthy the happiness you designed. I even dare hope that you will esteem me for not having profited of a weakness which your reason would hereafter condemn; nor do I fear to add, that respect is the only sentiment that ought or can animate Warneck for the wife of his friend Don Inigo.— With these words I disengaged myself gently from her hands.

“ Donna Porbera remained for some minutes absorbed in a profound reverie, then suddenly launching from calmness to fury, she exclaimed, ‘ Is it thus, monster,

monster, that thou dar'st resist the tender avowal of a woman like me, repaying her love by the most insolent indifference? Thy heart is marble, and insensible to my tears. Begone! thou said'st truly;—thou art unworthy of a tendernefs which nothing but a blind partiality could inspire.—Oh heaven,' continued she, sobbing, 'to what a state of degradation am I fallen! Avoid my presence, thou monster, whom hell has thrown upon the earth to torment me! henceforward thou art to me an object of horror:—I swear to thee the most implacable hatred!'—Astonished and alarmed at her violence, I hastened to obey, and leave the presence of such a fury."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

*Continuation of the History of Lord
Warneck.*

"I Related to Fanny the disagreeable scene I had undergone with Donna Porbera: she was greatly alarmed: I however used my utmost efforts to reassure her, and we consulted what conduct we should assume on so disagreeable an occasion. We resolved to eat in our own apartment, and to have no communication whatever with Donna Porbera until the return of her husband. We passed some days without seeing her, my servant informing me that she remained alone, and shut up in her chamber. I had no doubt but my indifference

difference had raised her indignation to the utmost height, and that she was meditating some project of vengeance.— But whatever idea I had of the violent and outrageous disposition of the wife of Inigo, yet I could never have surmised her wickedness would have led her to commit a crime so atrocious as that to which my Fanny had nearly fallen a victim.

“ One morning Roderick informed me privately that he had heard in confidence from one of the domesticks, that Donna Porbera held secret conferences with a stranger, who was introduced every night into the palace with the utmost precaution and privacy. This information astonished me; for I still had so good an opinion of the wife
of

of Inigo to suppose her behaviour to me was only the effect of the violence of a passion which she could not surmount, and not habitual vice. I made Roderick repeat his story two or three times, when discovering that I could not give belief to his relation, he proposed to convince me by the evidence of my own sight. About eleven at night we concealed ourselves behind a hedge, and in about half an hour saw a man pass by. Though it was clear moon-light, I could not discover his features, his face being concealed by the manner in which he held his cloak;—a waiting woman of Donna Porbera's walked before him, and led the way to her mistress's apartment. I had no longer any doubt of the truth of what Roderick had told me, yet could not persuade

I suade

suade myself that these nocturnal visits had any amorous tendency, and rather supposed them relative to some mystery of which I was the object. I therefore determined to be on my guard. I seldom went out, and then well armed: never left Fanny alone; for if I quitted her an instant, Roderick and Betty were her guards.

“ We waited the return of Inigo with impatience; he was shortly expected; when one afternoon, as Fanny and myself were conversing on his merits, and expressing our sorrow at his having so unworthy a partner, on a sudden my wife was taken ill: I instantly procured assistance, but her indisposition encreased, and was presently accompanied by the most acute agonies, which were followed
by

by convulsions. As I was enquiring the nature of her malady, she said, 'My dear Warneck, I am poisoned!'

"These words struck me with a sudden and horrid idea; my hair stood upright, my blood ran chill in my veins. 'Gracious heaven!' cried I, 'is it possible that Donna Porbera——But of what is a woman not capable who is regardless of every sacred duty?'——Fortunately I had been informed of a certain antidote for poison by one of my friends in England: I instantly procured it for Fanny; it proved violently emetic, but the convulsions still continued. A physician whom I had sent for arrived; he confirmed my fears, adding, that the poison, from the symptoms, was of the strongest kind. 'Notwithstanding,' continued

tinued he, 'as it was taken in time, it is to be hoped that the lady may escape.' He prescribed some necessary remedies, and administered a second dose of the counter-poison I had before given.

"My wife was in the most dreadful agonies during two hours, every moment of which I expected her to sink under the violence of her sufferings.— Poor Betty was unable to assist her mistress, screaming and crying with the utmost bitterness. For myself, 'tis impossible to paint my feelings at that dreadful moment, by turns distracted with the thoughts of losing Fanny, and then with fury, which the diabolical attempt of the governor's wife had inspired. I raved, wept, and wrung my hands: every pain, every convulsion of

Fanny's

Fanny's rent my soul.—'What,' exclaimed I, 'will fate never cease to pursue me? It broke asunder the friendship of our fathers, at the very time we were on the point of being united;—next it raises a villain against me, who attempts my life, and robs me of my beloved Fanny;—another monster detains her in captivity, and fixes the price of her liberty on her dishonour;—and when I at length flattered myself with having found a tranquil asylum, the criminal passion of an infamous woman deprives me of all I hold dear. Yet rest assured, most atrocious wretch, that if my love falls by thy diabolical arts, I will sacrifice thee to my vengeance, and deliver the world from such a monster! 'Tis a service I shall render to society and thy husband.'

“ Notwithstanding the utmost assistance of art, the poison was with the greatest difficulty extirpated: the weak constitution of my wife could not much longer have resisted such violent and repeated shocks. In short, by the most persevering care, the convulsions at length ceased, the vomitings became less frequent, and Fanny consequently in a state of greater tranquillity. I returned thanks to heaven on my knees, supplicating the preservation of my spouse, without whom my life must become a burthen.

“ A part of my fears were dissipated on seeing my wife better, — yet my fury against the infamous author of her calamity was nothing diminished; and though I had no reason to doubt

Donna Porbera was the contriver of the villanous act, yet I determined to force her to confess it.

“ Without mentioning my project to any one, I seized two pistols, and went to Donna Porbera's apartment, which I was on the point of entering, when I heard a man's voice.—An emotion of curiosity made me moderate my rage, and lend an ear.—‘ Do not doubt it,’ said Donna Porbera; ‘ the poison will not fail of its effect: and however speedily assistance may have been procured, her death is certain. By this means we shall be both revenged;—me of an ingrate who despised my love, and you of a man you have such reason to hate.’—‘ I will not conceal from you, madam,’ replied a voice, which I thought

I recognised, 'that I suffered greatly before I could bring myself to consent to the destruction of a woman I once so tenderly loved; but the desire of obtaining your favour might bribe me to yet greater sacrifices.'

"I could suffer no more.—'Tis Walter,' exclaimed I, 'tis that villain!' —The door was locked: rage redoubled my strength;—I burst it in an instant.—'Perfidious wretch,' said I, 'heaven at length gives thee to my vengeance: this time thou shalt not escape.'—In saying these words I threw myself upon him, fired, and laid him dead at my feet.—'And you, abandoned woman,' continued I, addressing Donna Porbera, 'you who are equal to the blackest crimes,—you I ought to punish

punish in the same manner, for the infernal attempt on my wife: but Don Inigo is your husband and my friend; I therefore leave you to the torments of remorse; they will sufficiently revenge me. Sincerely do I pity him in being united to so despicable a wretch: his goodness of heart and generosity deserve a more worthy fate.'

"During this discourse Donna Por-bera had remained seated on a sofa, without uttering a single word, but from time to time regarding me with a malignancy that sufficiently expressed what was passing in her soul. At length, throwing off this smothered rage,—
'Warneck,' said she, with a gloomy smile, 'you deny me then the fate of Walter? You do me the favour to spare

my life? I curse thy generosity. My life is hateful, nor will I owe it to thee. I shall die content: I am revenged: my odious rival will accompany me to the tomb: she will not live to triumph in my fall.—Learn, that if love could degrade a Spaniard to commit a crime, she knows how to punish herself, and that she fears death less than shame.’—On concluding these words, Donna Porbera drew a poniard, plunged it in her bosom, and fell bathed in blood.

“ At this sight I gave a cry of horror; my senses were in the most inexpressible disorder: I was on the point of flying to Fanny’s apartment, when Don Inigo suddenly entered! Judge the impression the frightful spectacle that presented must make on my friend;—the chamber
covered

covered with blood, his wife expiring, and a man stretched dead at her feet! The governor recoiled with surprize and horror.—‘Gracious heaven,’ exclaimed he, ‘what has happened, Warneck? What can I think?’ Saying these words he flew to his wife, supporting her in his arms, and addressing her by the most tender appellations.

“I had remained silent through confusion and horror: my agitated mind knew not on what idea to repose. I dreaded to inform Inigo of the cause of this tragic event. What a blow to his benevolent soul! Notwithstanding, the governor might think me the assassin of his wife: it was necessary that I should justify myself. The apartment was soon filled with servants. A surgeon was

called, who bound up Donna Porbera's wound: as for Walter he was dead, they therefore removed him into another apartment.

"After Inigo had bestowed his first cares on his wife, 'Warneck,' said he, 'explain this dreadful mystery: who is the man whom I found dead, and how came Donna Porbera poniarded?'—'Alas, my dear friend,' replied I, 'I tremble to inform you with what must afflict in the most cruel manner your feeling heart; but 'tis necessary for my own justification.—Learn, that the body you saw was Walter's; he fell by my hand;—but I am innocent of the death of your spouse: 'tis Donna Porbera's own arm that struck the blow, and avenged a crime that may perhaps deprive

prive me of the only blessing I hold in life.'

" I said no further to Inigo, instantly quitting him to return to Fanny, whom I found sleeping in tolerable tranquillity. Charmed to find that the infernal designs of Donna Porbera had not completely succeeded, and that there were hopes my dear Fanny might be restored, I seated myself by her bedside, and gave way to reflections which the cruel scene I had witnessed occasioned. I had been near an hour in this situation, when a servant informed me that Donna Porbera had recovered her senses, and desired to speak to me. I thought it wrong not to obey the summons of a dying woman, whatever reason I had to hate her. As soon as she saw me,

G 5 'Approach,

‘ Approach, Warneck,’ said she, in a faint and expiring voice, ‘ come and be witness of my repentance, as you have been of my criminal conduct. Sir, (continued she, addressing her husband,) Warneck is innocent of my death; my own hand punished the guilty love I had conceived for him. Yes, Inigo, I did not fear to violate my conjugal duty, and to repay your tenderness with ingratitude. I endeavoured to seduce Warneck: I wished to deprive Fanny of his heart. His virtue and mild representations, instead of the effect he doubtless intended, produced no other than changing a distracted ungovernable passion, into a settled and implacable hatred, to satisfy which I caused the wife of your friend to be poisoned.’

“ Don

“Don Inigo could not moderate his rage at this confession, but starting from his seat in a frenzy of passion, ‘Abominable monster,’ exclaimed he, ‘is it possible that thou should’st attempt the life of the best of women? And is this dreadful design accomplished? Speak, Warneck, has your Fanny fallen a victim to the rage of this unhappy wretch?’ I endeavoured to calm the governor, assuring him that Fanny was almost out of danger.

“The conclusion of Inigo’s speech appeared to give pain to Donna Porbera. ‘Inigo,’ said she, in a voice that became momentarily weaker, and which was broken by the pangs of death, ‘you will soon be released from a guilty woman: must I die with the idea that

your hatred will survive my death?—
The thought will darken my last moments with despair.'

"I entreated the governor to be calm and forgive her: nor had I much trouble to persuade him,—the honest Spaniard possessing a heart in which affection was the predominant passion. He again drew near to the bed of his dying wife:—'Thou guilty but too much beloved woman,' said he, 'may heaven forgive thee, as I do. But if thou art able, inform me how thou cam'st acquainted with Walter?' I was ready to have put the same question to Donna Porbera, who still more faintly than before answered thus:—'Looking over the list of strangers arrived on the island since your departure, I discovered
the

the name of Walter. I congratulated myself on the happy chance that had brought that Englishman to St. Domingo, as I was well assured by the account I had heard of him that he would readily second my projects of vengeance. I sent to him privately, appointing a secret interview, in which I informed him of the arrival of Warneck, his lodging in the palace, and the subjects of hatred I had against him. We were soon agreed: Walter detested Warneck as much as I did Fanny, and was equally desirous of revenge. Our first plan was to get Fanny into our power, but as she seldom went out, and her husband never quitted her, we were obliged to relinquish it.—At length we fixed on the project I have before confessed, though I had much trouble to persuade

persuade Walter, who only desired the death of Warneck; but I so powerfully employed the feeble attractions I possess, that he consented to every thing I desired, on a promise of requiting the obligation by my favours.—He furnished the poison, which I myself mingled in some broth which was prepared for Fanny.—Now, Inigo, you are acquainted with the whole plot of iniquity:—once more I ask forgiveness of you, and of Warneck, I return thanks to heaven that I have had a short time given me to repent, and that it has spared the life of Fanny. Death is a peculiar favour, since having forfeited my own esteem, and your heart, I could only have dragged a miserable existence on the earth.

“ Donna

" Donna Porbera could say no more, the effort she had made to speak so long had entirely exhausted her strength; and after remaining silent a short time, she relapsed into a state of insensibility, which terminated her life.

" I forced Don Inigo from the apartment of his wife, and notwithstanding that I myself much needed consolation, endeavoured to calm his sorrow, this tragical event having deeply afflicted him. When he was somewhat tranquillised I returned to Fanny; the sleep she had taken had so much recovered her, that I did not hesitate to inform her of what had passed. Whatever cause she had to hate Donna Porbera, her tragical catastrophe cost her many tears; she pitied her falling a victim to
a guilty

a guilty passion, which had rendered her so unhappy and criminal.

“ Don Inigo, by my advice, gave out to the public that Donna Porbera died from the bursting of a blood-vessel. The next day the funeral was performed, with the usual solemnities: as for Walter he was buried privately.”

CHAP. VII.

*Conclusion of the History of Lord
Warneck.*

“SOME days after this fatal catastrophe I received a letter from my friend in London, with whom I had constantly held a correspondence since
my

my departure from England. He informed me Sir George Williams was just dead; that before he expired he was reconciled to my father, and that they had jointly approved our marriage. Lord Warneck, he added, was making the most minute enquiries to discover where we had retired. However agreeable this news was to me, my joy was lessened by the idea of the grief that Fanny would experience on learning the death of a father she tenderly loved. I announced it to her with the utmost precaution, yet she felt it severely.—However, by partaking her affliction, at length I succeeded in moderating it.

“ The health of my spouse re-established daily, and we determined to seize the first occasion of returning to
our

our country. An English vessel, which had been damaged in a storm, came into the port of St. Domingo to refit:—I learned from the captain that he should sail from thence immediately for England, when he had repaired the trifling injury he had sustained. Don Inigo generously furnished us with whatever was necessary for so long a voyage.

“ On taking leave of the governor I was moved even to tears; nor was the honest Spaniard less affected. We promised each other to maintain a regular correspondence, and, embracing, separated in the utmost affliction.

“ After a voyage of two months we landed at Yarmouth, on the coast of Norfolk, from whence we went post to London.

London. Our first care was to go to Lord Warneck, — Fanny and myself throwing ourselves at his feet. My Father kindly raised us :—‘ My dear children,’ said he, embracing us, ‘ forget the woes that an unjust obstinacy has caused you : come and be the consolation of my old age.’—I thanked my father, saying, that the return of his affection was an ample recompence for the sorrows we had undergone, and that henceforward the wish nearest our hearts should be to deserve its continuation.—The same day we took up our abode in my paternal mansion.

“ I passed near two years in that state of calm serenity which constitutes the happiness of a man whose every wish is fulfilled. My father gave me daily fresh proofs

proofs of his paternal kindness. Fanny still loved me tenderly, and my affection for her had not in the least decreased, when on a sudden her health altered in the most sensible manner: her eyes became heavy and sunken,—the roses of her complexion faded,—her breathing was difficult,—and in a short time she totally lost that amiable cheerfulness that constituted the pleasure of our conversations. I plainly saw that the poison had violently shaken her constitution.—The most skilful physicians were consulted, but their art was fruitless on an exhausted frame and enfeebled organs, and only served to prolong a painful and wretched existence.

“ I saw Fanny weaken daily, without being able to stop the progress of her
malady :

malady; you may therefore judge my sufferings. She was continually endeavouring to console me.—‘ My dear Warneck,’ said she, ‘ we must submit to the decrees of providence. I feel that I have but a short time to live. I grieve at our separation;—but we must some day have been torn asunder. I shall not perish;—the most pure part of me will remain, and hover round thee, my dear husband! Soon shall our souls be re-united in the blessed mansions of eternity, no more to separate. It is not death: ’tis softly passing from one happiness to another.’

“ These words of Fanny’s pierced me to the soul: her danger encreased daily: she was so thin and emaciated as scarcely
to

to be recognized. In short, her life appeared to hang upon a single breath.

“ One night that I was seated by her bedside, my head leaned on her pillow, and one of her hands inclosed within mine, she suddenly roused from the lethargic stupor in which she lay, heaving a profound sigh, and pressing my hand, ‘ Warneck,’ said she, ‘ I know not what alteration has taken place within me.—My breath fails!——A dreadful weight oppresses me!——I die!——Adieu, my dear Warneck!——Do not forget your Fanny!’ I started, called for assistance, but, alas! she was gone for ever.—Her pure and mild spirit gently quitting its mortal tenement, without a single agony.

“ Though

“ Though the state in which Fanny had been for some time might have prepared me for her death, yet my grief was not the less violent on that account. In my despair I know not what fatal rashness I might have perpetrated, had I not been watched. However, time and the tender consolations of my father at length prevailed, and in some measure restored my soul to a state of calmness; but a heavy melancholy still remained, which nothing could dispel. Amusements were wearisome to me—solitude alone was pleasing. To complete the weight of my misfortunes, I soon after lost my father;—a blow that the death of Fanny had rendered me almost unable to support.

“ When

“ When I had paid the tribute of nature, and fulfilled the duties prescribed by filial tenderness, I found myself master of a considerable fortune. I doubtless might have married advantageously, but the image of Fanny was too deeply engraven on my heart to suffer another love; I therefore swore eternal fidelity to her memory.

“ The last sigh of an Englishman is always for his country:—my father on his death-bed strongly recommended me to support its interest with my zeal and fortune. To act conformable to his wishes, and hoping to procure myself in the labyrinth of politics a relaxation from more painful thoughts, I engaged in the same career which my father had pursued. I became one of the most zealous
members

members of the opposition, and even acquired some reputation : notwithstanding, in spite of my utmost efforts, and those of the generous patriots who assisted me, I had generally the vexation to see the failure of the good cause.— The court party intrigued so powerfully, and knew so well how to gain the members of the parliament, that they were sure to have a majority in every important question.

“Wearied with the little effect of my patriotic declamations, and indignant at the corruption of my colleagues, I quitted public affairs and retired to the country, where I resolved to live as a philosopher. The uniformity of this life soon tired me. My spirits became depressed. I was attacked with that

malady so common in our isle, and which would soon have brought me to the grave, had I not determined to travel, which I mean to do over part of Europe. I first repaired to France: chance brought me acquainted with M. de Landrimont, to whom I think myself greatly indebted, since he has procured me a companion so much to my liking."

I thanked Lord Warneck for his compliment. "This is my history," continued he. "You see how many trials I have passed: and after such heavy misfortunes hope itself is extinguished, since nothing can recall her I loved beyond myself. You are far less to be pitied than me;—your mistress lives: and notwithstanding every obstacle that
opposes

opposes your happiness, hope, that second life of the soul, is not entirely denied you. You are young, and no one is completely unhappy when there is time sufficient to expect a change of fortune."

The recital of our misfortunes, and the remembrance they re-traced of our sorrows, rendered rest necessary. We continued our journey the next day, and soon entered the Spanish territories. I am writing my own adventures, and not those of a people, therefore shall enter into no detail of the manners of the inhabitants of the country, nor of the road which led us to the capital of that kingdom.

CHAP. VIII.

*The meeting of old friends;—vexatious
news;—an intrigue.*

IT was not without execrating and cursing the Spanish innkeepers, and the severe fasts they obliged us to keep, that we arrived at Madrid. Lord Warneck hired an elegant hotel, and some Spanish domestics, in order to support an appearance suitable to his rank. His first care was to fly to his friend Don Inigo, who was now in Madrid. I was witness of this interview. The two friends held each other a long time embraced, without being able to articulate a single word. Several years had elapsed since their separation, but time nor distance

distance can weaken real friendship.— To this eloquent silence succeeded the most tender enquiries, their principal conversation turning,—Lord Warneck's particularly on the misfortunes they had passed. The good Spaniard shed tears to the memory of Fanny, and my lord wept her afresh on the bosom of his friend.

After a long conversation, which my natural sensibility made me enjoy, Inigo conducted us into the apartment of the lady whom he had married some years after the death of his first wife.—“Madam,” said he, as he introduced us, “the heart is above all etiquette; I therefore, without ceremony, present you one of my best friends, and do not

doubt but one so dear to me will be equally agreeable to you."

The spouse of Inigo received us with the most affectionate politeness. She was about thirty years of age, tall, and elegantly shaped; her face, without being handsome, expressed so much mildness and sensibility, that it was impossible to have wished it otherwise. We passed the remainder of the day with Inigo, quitting him in the evening;—Lord Warneck charmed with meeting with an old friend, and me convinced that my patron had not exaggerated the picture of that worthy Spaniard.

We spent the first days after our arrival at Madrid in seeing whatever was remarkable in that capital and its environs.

rons. I always accompanied my lord, who daily gave me fresh proofs of his affection. It is but justice to declare, that the English are less the slaves of prejudice than any other nation. Superiority of birth or rank, which frequently causes merit to blush before a titled fool, is in their eyes nothing more than a chimerical advantage; they regard the man for the sake of himself, and not for ideal decorations.

The English, particularly those of understanding, are frank, sincere, and generous; and if they do not hastily form connections, it is not from distrust, but from a thorough knowledge of the human heart: likewise, when once they have given their confidence, 'tis without

reserve, and the object may depend upon them as on themselves.

Lord Warneck possessed, to the highest degree, the characteristic qualities of his country. When once he had judged me worthy his friendship, I possessed it entirely. The difference birth had placed betwixt us vanished: every distinction ceased, even those of dress.—I had soon, by his order, a wardrobe as rich as his own.—“My friend Lanfon,” said he, “’tis necessary to take mankind by the eyes, and to command respect by outward appearance.” Wherever he presented me it was in the most flattering manner, as—*This gentleman is my friend*; a word that made me at once his equal, and received with the same respect.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding, the image of Adelaide reigned perpetually in my heart, and empoisoned every pleasure; or rather, it was both the delight and torment of my life. I sought opportunities to be alone, in order to give myself up entirely to her idea, to retrace my regrets, and the recollection of past scenes, sometimes pleasing, other times painful. Frequently did I represent her to my tortured imagination, yielding to the sollicitation of her father, and on the point of throwing herself into the arms of my rival. This thought made me shudder: I ever endeavoured to banish it, but it returned with redoubled activity, and was to me like the vulture of Prometheus. I had a ring with Adelaide's hair: I kissed it a hundred times a day: it was a pledge of her affection,

nor would I have relinquished it for all the treasures of the earth.

One morning Lord Warneck received a letter from Paris: on reading it I observed he changed colour. I involuntarily trembled, and burned with impatience to learn the cause of his emotion, yet feared to ask it. When he had concluded, looking stedfastly at me, he said "My dear Lanfon, I have some vexatious information to communicate.—Arm yourself with courage.—Sensibility is a virtue; but carried too far it degenerates into weakness. The letter I have received is from M. de Landrimont, who informs me that Adelaide——."—"Spare me, my lord; I guess the remainder," exclaimed I:
"Adelaide

"Adelaide is married, and I have lost her for ever!"

My agitation would not suffer me to proceed; my senses forsook me, and I fell from my seat to the ground. Returned to my feeling, I gave way to my grief. "She is married!" cried I afresh, with a sentiment of bitterness, whose agony I cannot express:—"Adelaide is torn from me for ever!—She appertains to another!—Heaven give me strength to support the blow!"

Lord Warneck did not endeavour to stop this first transport of grief.—"Lanson," said he, when I became more calm, "your affliction, I confess, must be great. You were separated from Adelaide;—the will of a father

opposed your union: but that obstacle did not appear unfurmountable, as time might produce something favourable to your love. At present Adelaide is irretrievably lost: your hopes are totally destroyed. You ought, therefore, to endeavour to surmount a useless sorrow, and banish from your heart a passion which can only render you unhappy. Believe me, I share in your grief, and regret that you are deprived of so amiable an object, and so truly worthy your affection."

I passed several days in a gloomy affliction, which was the more painful from endeavouring to conceal it. My lord neglected nothing to console me, his tender admonitions being accompanied by the most sensible reflections.

This

This wise and friendly Englishman at length succeeded in restoring calmness to my heart. My sorrow insensibly decreased into a mild melancholy, which I fondly encouraged, though I gave way to the amusements which my lord's friendship procured me. Sometimes he persuaded me to form an amorous intrigue:—"Love," said he, "is the best remedy against love: one affection chafes another. An engagement of the heart, when not too serious, keeps the mind in an agreeable activity, and presents the roses of love without dread of the thorns.

I could not resolve to use the remedy my lord advised: my love for Mademoiselle de Landrimont had in a manner exhausted my sensibility, and my heart,
from

from having felt too much, no longer felt any thing; and the heart must ever in some measure enter into an amorous connection, otherwise it is nothing more than a brutal passion, which degrades the possessor as greatly as the object.— Besides, I was in Spain, and I well knew the vexatious consequences of forming a connection of that nature in a country where jealousy with all its attendant furies have established their empire;—where every thing is to be feared from the amorous frenzy of the ladies, and the vengeance of the husbands. But we frequently, when we least expect it, find ourselves engaged in agreeable, or sometimes disagreeable adventures.

I have

I have before said, that Lord Warneck had enabled me to appear in a state equal to his own; and as I was in the flower of my age, well made, and an agreeable person, Lord Warneck frequently wondered that I had never received a gallant appointment.—“The Spanish ladies,” said he, “are very partial to the French, and are accustomed to make advances; for the slavery in which their husbands immure them, forces them to abridge the preludes and formalities that a refinement of gallantry rather than a real sentiment of decency has introduced in France and England.”

One day that Lord Warneck and myself were walking on the Prado, we particularly observed a lady elegantly dressed, her face concealed by a large veil,

veil, and accompanied by a duenna. I could not avoid admiring the noble and graceful ease of her person, which was tall and perfectly shaped. "If the features of that lady," said I, "are as beautiful as her form, she must be the most charming woman in Madrid."—The lady came and seated herself fronting us. I remarked that she looked at us, and appeared to converse particularly with her attendant.—"Lanfon," said my lord, "this matter is past all doubt; you have made a conquest, and I sincerely congratulate you."

I blushed in spite of myself at this compliment; my vanity was flattered; nor could I avoid experiencing a secret and involuntary pleasure. As it was late, and Lord Warneck was somewhat indisposed,

indisposed, we left the Prado. I could not help turning my head several times, and remarked, that the Spaniard appeared to follow us with her eyes as long as we remained in sight.

Several days had elapsed since this walk; the indisposition of my lord obliged him to keep his chamber, nor did I ever quit him, except sometimes to go to mass in a neighbouring chapel. One Sunday I was surprized by meeting there the lady I had seen on the Prado. Though her dress was different, I recognized her from her elegant form, and experienced a sentiment of pleasure which I could not account for, and involuntarily placed myself by her side.— She soon remarked me, and during the whole of the service looked at me attentively:

tively: my eyes were also fixed on her, nor could I avoid cursing in my mind the vexatious veil, that concealed a face which my imagination represented so lovely.

The mass concluded, I left the chapel with regret, and did not fail to repair thither the next day at the same hour, and had again the pleasure to meet my unknown, who appeared to fix her attention on me as before.

The chapel was nearly empty before the fair Spaniard rose to depart. I walked after her, when suddenly the duenna, who lingered behind, came up to me, and putting a billet into my hand said, "Be discreet, and enjoy your good fortune."—After speaking these words, she

she instantly joined her mistress and retired.

I was in the utmost astonishment, but my surprize soon gave way to a more pleasing sentiment.—Impatient to know the contents of the billet, I could not wait till I got out of church, but hastily opened it, and found these words:—

“I think I read in your features a wish to become acquainted with me; nor will I deny that the thought has flattered me. You appear a man of quality and honour, and I doubt not but I may depend on your discretion.—If your heart is free, and you are inclined to form a tender engagement, at eleven this night do not fail to be at the door of the chapel; my duenna will meet you there.”

I returned

I returned home occupied with my new adventure. Lord Warneck remarked my agitation, and asked the cause. I replied by presenting the billet. "Well," said he, after perusing it, "am not I a true prophet? You see how adroit the Spaniards are in intrigue——."—"But, my lord," interrupted I, "how do you advise me to act?"—"Why to profit of your good fortune;—it will be an agreeable amusement. Those sort of intrigues in which the heart has not too much share are frequently pleasant enough: the obstacles and mystery which accompany them give a peculiar poignancy to the amour.—The Spanish ladies are also very engaging, and in a *tête à tête* display every refinement of voluptuousness. 'Tis true, however, that the pleasure they bestow

bestow is but transitory; for it would be vain to expect sentiment from them:—yet, though such connections cannot be termed the happiness of love, they at least furnish agreeable illusion and pleasing intoxication.”

Though I had asked Lord Warneck's advice, I should have been much disappointed had he given me any other, having resolved in myself to risk the adventure, cost what it would. A secret charm drew me to the unknown. It could not be love, for I had never seen her; but an active sentiment of curiosity, accompanied by the stimulant of pleasure, which so frequently seduces mankind, and draws them insensibly into error and its subsequent consequences.

CHAP. IX.

The utility of duennas ;—an amour.

I Waited with impatience for the appointed time, and was at the rendezvous three quarters of an hour before the arrival of the duenna, whom at length I saw approach with a lantern in her hand.—“You are very punctual,” said she, accosting me: “follow me: you will soon see one of the most beautiful women in Spain. Endeavour to deserve your happiness by the most tender return of affection.——So handsome a gentleman may well furnish an excuse for the step I have taken, nor do I think it possible my mistress could have made a better choice.

I thanked

I thanked the governante for her compliment, and to dispose her yet more in my favour put some Louis into her hand. She accepted them without hesitation: my generosity appeared to quicken her zeal; at least her walk, which before seemed too slow for my impatience, encreased to a good pace.

In the way I could not avoid remarking to my conductress how little the Spanish duennas answered the intention of their founder. She laughed heartily at the idea.—“Don’t you know,” said she, “that all foundations degenerate, and frequently produce effects entirely contrary to the end of their institution? The custom of employing duennas in Spain is very ancient, and has been preserved, like many others, through custom.

custom. Husbands place us with their wives to guard their honour. Before them we are watchful as Argus, and terrible as dragons; but with their ladies mild as lambs, which suffer themselves to be led where they please. By these means we at once enjoy the confidence of both husband and wife. The first, depending entirely upon us, leave their wives in the utmost freedom; and I can assure you, that there is not a single Spanish lady but what would be sorry to be deprived of a duenna. In short, 'tis in our vocation as in many others, that prosper in proportion as they fail in their duty."

After having walked near half an hour we reached a narrow street, and my conductress stopped at a small private

private door, which she opened. She then led me across a long alley, and introduced me into a lower apartment faintly illuminated.—“Wait here a moment,” said she, “while I inform my mistress of your arrival.”

Left alone, I began to reflect on the step I had taken; nor was I exempt from a sentiment of alarm, which the silence and gloom around me served to augment. I had the most dreadful idea of Spanish husbands, and already represented to myself that of the unknown surprizing us, and revenging his injured honour. I had taken the precaution to arm myself, in case of attack, and was resolved to sell my life dear as possible, should I find occasion.

I was absorbed in these reflections, when the duenna returned. She took me by the hand, and led me through a number of apartments, until we reached one furnished in the most exquisite taste. Here several tapers were placed with the greatest skill, and afforded that kind of soft shade so favourable to amorous mysteries. At the same instant the lady entered by another door. I was dazzled with her beauty,—her face even surpassing the flattering idea I had formed. Her shape, which I have before mentioned, was rendered yet more striking by the elegance and richness of her dress. Her complexion, which is rare in Spain, was of the most enchanting fairness;—an aquiline nose gave her features an air of majesty without depriving them of their sweetness;—black eyebrows,

eyebrows, admirably arched over eyes of the same colour, which alternately were lively or languishing, but that ever preserved their expression.

The fair Spaniard remarked my confusion, and did not appear displeased with this silent compliment.—“If the step I have taken,” said she, “should in any measure interest you in my favour, at least I fear it must give you a disadvantageous opinion of my character.”—

“Madam,” replied I, with vivacity, “the sight of so much beauty deprives me at this moment of every sentiment but admiration; but it would be unjust to suppose that when recovered from such a pleasing surprize, that your kindness could give birth to any unfavourable idea, love and respect are the only

sentiments you can inspire in my heart.”
—“ French gallantry and politeness have doubtless great power over the mind of a woman,” replied the lady ; “ but are those professions always sincere ? ” —
“ Ah, madam,” cried I, “ is it possible to be otherwise to you ? Can you be insensible of the power of your charms ? The confusion they threw me into may inform you of their effect.”

Women are ever sensible to praise, and one sure means to gain their hearts is to flatter their vanity. The lady appeared to believe my declaration, and I endeavoured to confirm her in such favourable ideas. We soon entered into a confidential discourse, in which she informed me that she had been married near a year, her parents forcibly uniting
I her

her to a man of too disproportionate an age for it to be possible she could love him. She frankly confessed that I had pleased her at first sight; that she had in vain endeavoured to stifle a sentiment so contrary to her duty, but that a passion stronger than her virtue pleaded in my behalf, and at length gained such an ascendancy, that she could not resist the inclination to see me in private.——

“Ought I to repent sacrificing my duty to my tenderness?” added she, looking at me with eyes full of sweetness and languor.—“Ah, madam, can you think of me so injuriously? ’Tis true, this is the first time I have enjoyed the charm of your presence; but is it necessary to see you twice to make you beloved?”——

Saying these words, I seized her hand, which I covered with kisses. The fair Spaniard was not unmoved; voluptuousness sparkled in her languid eyes, and her only answer was one of those expressive looks which paint the situation of the soul more forcible than the most eloquent language. I became more enterprising, the lady's opposition being only sufficient to encrease the pleasure of my triumph. Yielding to her passion, and the powerful attraction of voluptuousness, I had soon nothing more to desire.

'Tis necessary, to be acquainted with the Spanish women, to form an idea of their vivacity in love. Their constitutions are warm as the climate in which they are bred. It is not to be wondered that

that I triumphed so easily over Donna Felicia, which was the name of the lady;—custom, influences, manners and sentiments. A Spanish lady cannot act in love like a French woman, being reduced to a kind of slavery. She knows the worth of time, and hastens to make the best use of opportunity, instead of spinning out an amorous intrigue and surrendering by degrees.

We passed near two hours in the transports of pleasure. Our thoughts entirely taken up with each other, we forgot jealous husbands and the whole world, until the prudent duenna came to inform us it was time to separate. I forced myself from Donna Felicia, after mutually promising to meet the first opportunity,

tunity, the duenna letting me out the same way I entered.

In my way home I retraced the pleasures I had experienced with Donna Felicia, which were the more lively as they had not been preluded by formalities and those successive favours which by degrees familiarizes us with the beloved object, and which methodically lead to the last period of voluptuousness. In the case of Donna Felicia the attraction of novelty strengthened the charm, and completed the illusion.

Lord Warneck was reading on my return. The air of satisfaction he remarked on my features made him smile. "I fancy," said he, "that your amorous intrigue has terminated happily."

—"You

—"You have guessed rightly," my lord, replied I. I then related my reception, and what had passed at this first interview. "Notwithstanding," added I, "I am not satisfied. My heart has been the dupe of passion, and I cannot avoid reproaching myself with a breach of that fidelity that I have so repeatedly sworn to Mademoiselle de Landrimont."

—"Your fault is imaginary," replied Lord Warneck. "Do you suppose that Adelaide, in the arms of your rival, expects such a sacrifice? Nay, should she be unjust enough to desire it, she has no longer a right to claim it. Believe me, Lanfon, we have real duties enough to fulfil, without teasing ourselves with chimerical ones."

I declared to my patron the fear I had that Donna Felicia's husband should discover my intimacy with his wife.—“Ever enjoy the present,” said he, without empoisoning it with vain fears. Notwithstanding, I am far from wishing to inspire you with imprudent security. I even advise you to use the utmost precaution in an intrigue which must ever be accompanied with danger.”

The next day we went to Don Inigo's, who entreated us to stay and dine with a select company of grandees, whom he had invited. The conversation of Lord Warneck had greatly improved me; I had acquired that ease and air of quality that particularly distinguishes men accustomed to polite society.

During

During dinner, Don Inigo asked one of the guests after Donna Felicia's health;—a question that excited my whole attention. The Spaniard to whom the enquiry was made replied, that his wife had been slightly indisposed for some days past. Every one appeared to take part in this indisposition, speaking in the most flattering terms of Donna Felicia, boasting her beauty and envying the happiness of the man who possessed so charming and accomplished a woman. The husband received these compliments with a gravity through which his satisfaction was clearly discernable. He was between fifty and sixty years of age;—his person disagreeable but commanding, and possessing a plentiful quantity of that Spanish haughtiness, which is so disgusting to strangers.

I was not astonished that his spouse could not love him, yet he appeared to possess great understanding, his conversation being agreeable and interesting; but knowledge is a feeble compensation for personal attractions in the eyes of a woman; and the second man of our age spoke truly when he affirmed, that for one whose heart is taken by the ears, a hundred are caught by the eyes.

On our departure from Don Inigo's, Lord Warneck and myself laughed heartily at this singular meeting. At home I found a letter from Felicia, which informed me that her husband was to set off the next morning for the country, in consequence she hoped we should pass the day together.—She concluded by desiring me to be at a public garden, precisely

precisely at nine in the morning, where the duenna would meet and conduct me to her.

At the appointed time I repaired to the place the lady had mentioned; the duenna arrived a moment after, and gave me a sign to follow her: I obeyed, and was introduced with the same precaution as before. The charming Felicia ran to meet me, pressed me in her arms, and repeatedly embraced me;—caresses that I repaid with a warmth equal to her own.

After the transports of our meeting had in some measure subsided, I related to her my dining at Don Inigo's with her husband. The recital amused her. We laughed heartily at the imbecility
of

of those Spanish husbands who are weak enough to suppose that slavery is a certain means to secure the chastity of their wives.—“The virtue of a woman is ill guarded,” said she, with great sprightliness, “when ’tis necessary to employ an auxiliary to preserve it.”

I asked Donna Felicia whether the terrible revenge that Spanish husbands took on their wives did not, in some measure, deter them from amorous intrigues.—“You know little of Spanish women,” replied Donna Felicia, “when once they have given their hearts, no obstacle withholds them: certain danger does not even intimidate them; love surmounts all. There is nothing too difficult to undertake: no danger but what they dare brave, to satisfy their inclinations;

inclinations;—regarding life as a trifling sacrifice if they are successful.”

We soon left this metaphysical discussion for one more agreeable. The caresses of Donna Felicia were so tender and lively, that great part of the day elapsed without a single idea beyond the present moment. We dined together:—the duenna served us, having taken care to employ the domestics, so that we were secure from their intrusion. The dinner was small, but exquisite, and accompanied by the most excellent wines. Felicia's eyes declared the satisfaction of her heart: in short, we were both intoxicated with pleasure.—It was late before I quitted her; at parting Donna Felicia presented me with a
valuable

valuable ring, as a tender remembrance when we should be forced to separate.

CHAP. X.

An appointment.—A fatal catastrophe.

MY intimacy with the fair Spaniard lasted several weeks without interruption: I however could not avoid a fear that this calm would be followed by a storm. We frequently wrote to each other, the duenna being the only messenger and confidante of our amours, the little presents I had made her having procured me her friendship in the highest degree.

One

One evening, when she introduced me to her mistress, I found her in tears. Alarmed, I entreated Felicia to inform me the cause. She replied, that by some unhappy chance she had lost or mislaid the letter which I sent her the night before, and had in vain sought it. "—If it has fallen into the hands of my husband I am lost. However, (continued she, wiping away her tears, and assuming an air of serenity,) my dear Lanson, I do not fear death:—parting from you is the only circumstance that can make it dreadful."

Although Donna Felicia was so easy under an event of such moment, her firmness had not power to re-assure me, as it was very possible that her husband might have found the letter, which
would

would develope our secret correspondence, and doubtless seek revenge. I however endeavoured to conceal my emotion from Felicia, entreating her, notwithstanding, to seek cautiously for the letter, which, if discovered by her husband, Don Lopez, could not fail of having some fatal consequence.

I retired this evening sooner than usual, and had only advanced some few paces in my way homeward, when I discovered a man wrapped up in a cloak, and leaning against a wall opposite Donna Felicia's. I drew nigh to endeavour to discern who it might be; but I no sooner advanced than he immediately walked hastily away. This rencontre added to my fears: I had little doubt but this man was placed as a spy, and

on

on my return home related the whole to Lord Warneck, who thought my suspicions so strongly founded, that he earnestly desired me to refrain visiting Donna Felicia for some time,—advice I determined to follow.

I was two days without hearing from my fair mistress, and began to fear that she had experienced some disagreeable consequence from our amour. On the third I received a billet in an unknown hand, in which I was desired to come to the usual rendezvous at the public garden, at ten in the evening, as the writer had business of the utmost importance to communicate, and which personally concerned me. Lord Warneck and myself made a hundred different conjectures on this billet.—Was it a snare laid
for

for me, or on the contrary was it from some one who wished to advertise me of some imminent danger? It was very possible that the note might be written by the duenna, who wished to inform me of the consequences of the letter. This last idea appeared the most probable; my lord also approved it. It was therefore determined that I should repair to the rendezvous, but well armed and prepared to defend myself in case of an assault.

At the time appointed I left our hotel, and took the way to the public walk, which I had hardly entered, before several men, who lay concealed, rushed on me so suddenly that I had no time for defence. They immediately bound my hands, stuffed a handkerchief in my mouth,

mouth, tied another over my eyes, and dragged me into a coach, which instantly set off full speed. I was at first so astonished that it deprived me of all recollection; but at length being somewhat recovered, the most fatal ideas crowded themselves on my tortured imagination, and were soon verified by the most cruel certainty. I had no doubt but my intimacy with Donna Felicia was discovered, and that a stratagem had been laid to get me into the power of Don Lopez, who doubtless meant to make me experience the dreadful effects of his vengeance.

The coach drove very hard for about a quarter of an hour, when it entered a court-yard, the gates of which I heard fastened after us with great precaution: they

they then made me leave the carriage, and after leading me through several apartments, took the handkerchief from my eyes and mouth. The first person that presented was Don Lopez, the husband of Felicia! I recoiled with terror. A mortal shivering curdled my blood. I looked on death as inevitable. Every surrounding object contributed towards confirming my fears. The apartment was entirely hung with black, and only enlightened by the mournful and gloomy light of a few lamps. Don Lopez was seated on a sofa with two other Spaniards:—the utmost severity reigned on their features, and they looked at me with a gloomy gravity which spread fear to the bottom of my soul.

After

After some moments dreadful silence Don Lopez spoke thus: "Perfidious stranger! who cam'st hither to disturb the happiness of families, and to violate the most sacred rights, could you flatter yourself that your culpable intrigue would remain undiscovered? Could you suppose it would escape the vigilance of a husband who regards the honour of his wife as a sacred deposit confided to his care by heaven? If you were capable of such an excess of presumption and temerity, learn the folly of indulging a guilty confidence. I have discovered all. I am acquainted even with the most minute particulars of your connection with that unhappy woman, who did not fear to violate her oaths, and stain my honour. Before I punished her crime, and that of her detestable

detestable accomplice, I forced them to an ample confession.—Behold, how a Spaniard revenges himself on an unfaithful wife.” — Saying these words, Don Lopez drew back a curtain and discovered to my sight Donna Felicia and the duenna extended lifeless on a couch.

I should in vain attempt to describe the horror I experienced at this dreadful spectacle. My senses nearly forsook me : I was unable to stand, and forced to support myself against a chair covering my face with my hands to conceal from my eyes a sight that wounded me to the soul.—“ Look ! ” continued the Spaniard : “ view the perfidious, whose death could alone expiate her crime.— Yet do not believe this act to be a transport

port of jealousy ;—'twas a sacrifice to injured honour. By my side are the father and brother of Donna Felicia, who approved the deed.—If honour then has reduced me to the cruel extremity of sacrificing a woman I almost idolized, what vengeance think you ought I to take on you? Speak, and judge yourself."

Don Lopez was silent. I was some minutes unable to reply. At length, struggling to overcome my grief and confusion, I answered, "My lord, I shall not seek to justify myself, nor to escape a vengeance which Donna Felicia has so mournfully experienced. I shared her guilt, 'tis but just I should partake her punishment. My life is in your hands; and far from imploring your

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pity by despicable supplications, I am ready to meet my doom."—Saying these words, I presented my bosom to the Spaniard :—" Strike," continued I; "affuage your vengeance: and learn that a Frenchman can meet death as bravely as he can face danger."—" Learn you," replied Don Lopez, " to know a Spaniard, who though forced to obey the dictates of honour, well understands what is due to generosity. I should be unjust to punish you as rigorously as Donna Felicia, for your crime does not equal hers. Resentment has not rendered me unjust. I well know how little a young man, and particularly a Frenchman, can resist the advances of a fine woman. At your age man is eager for pleasure, and not over scrupulous in the means of obtaining it. You have been

been more weak than guilty; and your fault rather a national error than your own. The only vengeance I therefore wished to take on you was, to make you witness to a scene which must leave the most salutary impression. Be gone! and learn henceforward to respect sacred engagements."——On concluding these words, Don Lopez rung a bell: the men who brought me entered, and binding my eyes, re-conducted me in the same manner to the spot where they had seized me; they then untied me, restored my arms, and instantly retired.

What had passed had so totally absorbed my faculties, and wounded my mind, that I remained some time motionless. I appeared like one awakened from a profound sleep, and that had

been tortured by a troublesome dream. This stupor and disorder of the senses at length gave place to a most acute sentiment of grief. The horrible spectacle I had witnessed was retraced by my imagination. I again saw Donna Felicia's lifeless corpse, stretched on the bed of death,—an idea that pierced me to the soul. At length, collecting the remains of strength my agitation and sorrow had left, I slowly took the road homeward.

On my arrival I threw myself in a chair, and burst into a torrent of tears. Lord Warneck, alarmed at my agitation, repeatedly asked the cause of my grief: for some time I was unable to reply, but at length informed him, in accents broken by sorrow, of all that had passed.

“ I well

"I well know," said he, "to what extremities a Spaniard will proceed against an unfaithful wife. I am happy that you have escaped. I admire the generosity of Don Lopez: it excuses, in my eyes, his severity towards Donna Felicia. I pity the fate of that unhappy woman, but she is not the only Spaniard that has fallen a victim to her own tenderness and her husband's jealousy: such examples are frequent: yet the women continue the same; their passion for amorous intrigues overpowering every other consideration."

As nothing retained me now at Madrid, where my lord had prolonged his stay to oblige me, we prepared to leave the capital immediately. My patron determined to go from Spain to Italy.

I also was curious to see that fine country, particularly the ancient city which once gave laws to the universe. I was anxious to view the numerous antiquities which form so many precious monuments of the grandeur of the Romans: but it was decreed that my desires should not be satisfied: it was my fate to experience many vicissitudes, and to be tossed by the most violent tempests before I should reach that port.

CHAP. XI.

A storm.—An unexpected misfortune.

WHEN all was ready for our departure, we took leave of Don Inigo and
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our acquaintance, and repaired to Barcelona, from whence we embarked in a merchant-man which was bound for Italy. For some days the weather was extremely fine, when suddenly the sky became cloudy, and we experienced a dreadful storm. It was a sight at once terrible and majestic, to see the contending elements unloosed against a simple bark, whose weakness yielded to the shock of each wave, and the violence of every blast. Lord Warneck, unmoved by such events, endeavoured to re-assure me, but could not banish my fears of the danger. Sometimes the waves dashed against the vessel, which I momentarily expected to go to pieces. The whistling of the wind, the crashing of the thunder, the cries of the sailors, all contributed to encrease my alarm.—

It became impossible to manœuvre the vessel. We were thrown far from our route. The execrations of the sailors gave way to prayers,—a certain sign that they had no hope remaining. Happily, however, on a sudden the wind ceased, the clouds were dispersed, the sea became calm, and we found ourselves out of danger.

This change was the more agreeable as it was unexpected, and inspired us with new life. But our joy was of short duration, for we had only escaped one misfortune to fall into another.—The tempest was scarcely dispersed, when a sailor who was aloft gave us notice that he discovered a vessel approaching towards us full sail, and which we soon perceived to be a Barbary

bary corsair. The consternation now became general. The whole crew lamented their unhappy destiny:—the captain particularly was in the utmost despair, as he would at once lose his fortune and liberty. It would have been vain for us to attempt to escape them by flight; for besides the corsair appearing a good sailer, our vessel had been so shattered by the storm that it could hardly make way.

Lord Warneck, who had preserved the utmost calmness during the whole time, told the captain, that the only means we had left was to defend ourselves to the uttermost; that the pirates, astonished at a resistance which they could not expect, would be fearful to board us: besides, the choice being

death or the most dreadful slavery, no man of courage could hesitate to defend himself to the last extremity.

The captain appeared ready to follow this advice, though he seemed to despair of its success. He endeavoured to inspire his crew with the same sentiments, but, in vain; the sight of the corsair had congealed their blood, and one of the sailors, unknown to him, ran and struck the flag. The corsair was now only at the distance of half a cannon-shot, and no sooner saw the signal of our surrender, than they sent off a boat with about fifty men.

Lord Warneck was exasperated at the cowardice of the crew, which he could not submit to partake, and had I not restrained

restrained his ardor by representing its inutility against such numbers, would have attacked the first Turk that boarded us. The boat had no sooner reached the vessel than the pirates leaped on deck, and loaded our crew with irons. Lord Warneck and myself experienced the same fate, and were conducted to the enemy's ship, and confined at the bottom of the hold. The horror of my situation was aggravated by that in which I beheld my patron, who suffered without a single complaint. His great soul bore calamity as philosophically as it did grandeur; and his heart, which had ever been a stranger to pride, was equally so to humiliation.

Example has more effect on man than the most laboured discourses. From

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admiring the firmness of my lord, I determined to imitate it, and oppose adversity by courage and patience. The corsair having taken our vessel in tow, steered for Tunis; and after a navigation of three days, arrived in the bay of that regency. At the sight of a prize, a great number of the inhabitants ran to the shore, testifying by cries of joy the pleasure they felt at the success of their countrymen.

The captain of the corsair who had taken us was in partnership with another citizen of Tunis, taking it by turns to go to sea, and sharing the prizes equally between them. We no sooner disembarked than the division was made, and what I most dreaded happened.—I was separated from Lord Warneck, the pirates

pirates totally disregarding my supplications to suffer us to remain together.— These barbarians knew no law but interest: pity,—the rights of nature,—all gave way in their unfeeling souls to the idea of gain. The two corsairs judging by our habits that we were men of quality, and consequently hoping to recover large ransoms, took each one, in order to make an exact division, myself falling to the lot of the partner.

At the moment of our separation I threw myself on the neck of my generous patron, giving way to the violence of my grief. What change of fortune could not effect on his heart, tenderness for me at that unhappy moment accomplished: tears ran down his manly cheeks;—his soul insensible to change
of

- of fortune, was keenly alive to friendship. He entreated me not to be disheartened; that he should immediately write to England for remittances, and procure his own liberty and mine.

I was conducted with the companions of my slavery to the house of my new master. He was called Muley, and was one of the principal members of the regency of Tunis. Every thing around him bespoke the utmost opulence. He possessed a prodigious number of slaves, who were all under the direction of a black eunuch, whose repulsive and harsh appearance made me shudder at first sight. The day after our arrival he ranged us in a spacious court, in order to be reviewed by Muley, who after questioning some of my companions, asked me

me what I could do.—“Yield to necessity,” replied I, “and obey when I cannot command.”—“Christian,” returned he, in Italian, “that is doubtless a great virtue; but what talents dost thou possess?” I replied that I was unacquainted with any business, but that I understood several languages, had some knowledge of drawing and painting, and could play passably on the flute. At this information the gloomy visage of Muley relaxed of its severity. “I am charmed,” said he, “that thou hast fallen into my hands: I have long sought a slave accomplished as thou art. I have a nephew that I tenderly love, and whose education demands my utmost attention. I will place thee with him, and thy only care shall be his instruction. Thy fate, thou must well know, will be
far

far less rigorous than that of thy companions. Hereafter, if I am satisfied with thy conduct, thy zeal shall procure thy liberty,—Follow me.”——

I obeyed.—Muley led the way through several apartments richly furnished, until we reached that of his nephew.—“Zulem,” said he, as he entered, “I have at last found what I so ardently desired. This Christian can instruct thee in several agreeable accomplishments; he is hereafter thine: thy improvement is the only task I require.” Zulem thanked his uncle, assuring him that he should endeavour to profit by my instructions; after which, Muley bade his nephew farewell, and left us.

Zulem

Zulem was about nineteen; his face perfectly beautiful,—his form finely proportioned,—and his features rendered yet more attractive by a happy mixture of gentleness and sensibility, so uncommon in those barbarous countries. I was instantly struck with his appearance. The first question he asked me was in what part of Europe I was born. When I had satisfied him in that point,—“Christian,” said he, “I am charmed that thou art a Frenchman: my mother was of that country. She frequently has described it to me, and given me the highest idea of a nation whose manners and customs are so different from ours.—Thy person likewise interests me in thy favour: be assured, I will render thy situation as easy as possible; and when improved by thy instructions, thou

thou may'st depend on thy liberty." I thanked the young Turk, assuring him I would neglect nothing in my power to deserve his kindness.

On the next day I began to fulfil the task allotted me. Zulem studied with the utmost docility and ardour. He possessed a comprehensive memory, and a facility of conception that frequently astonished me. He soon made a rapid progress in the French and English languages; I also taught him the elements of history and geography, with some lessons of natural philosophy and geometry, his mind, eager for improvement, speedily acquiring a knowledge of those different sciences.

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In our conversations I instructed him in the manners and customs of the different European nations,—the nature of their riches,—their respective strength,—and that military discipline which gives the European troops so evident a superiority over those of Asia. In short, of that marvellous system of equilibrium which ascertains to each power the enjoyment of its rights and possessions.—Zulem listened to me with the utmost attention, taking particular pleasure when I entertained him with details of the immense capital of the most powerful kingdom of Europe,—of the industry of its inhabitants,—their arts, sciences, and the diversity of pleasures they enjoyed;—and finally, on those charming French women whose wit and elegance surpass that of other Europeans, on the liberty

liberty they enjoy, and the influence they have in society. Muley was frequently present at my lessons, and often testified his satisfaction at the rapid improvement of his nephew.

I was happy, if it was possible to be so in slavery; at least, my fate was infinitely superior to that of the other slaves. I became their protector, and frequently when they were condemned to be severely punished for some trifling fault, entreated Zulem to intercede for them. Never did that amiable youth deny me, and the severe eunuch who commanded them did not dare refuse the nephew of his master, though I plainly discovered that his harsh and cruel temper ill accorded with such kindness; he well knew that I excited

Zulem

Zulem in the favour of the slaves, and consequently hated me; but his dislike gave me no uneasiness, as I in no measure depended on him. I had an apartment to myself, passed the day with Zulem, except he attended his uncle, in which case I had liberty to employ myself as I pleased. Notwithstanding, I wore a slave's habit like my companions, a circumstance that involved me in an adventure that might have had the most vexatious consequences, had I not possessed the friendship of Zulem, and the good will of his uncle.

One day that I was returning from the bagnio, where I had been to take some assistance to a French slave who was sick, I met a drunken Tunisian soldier. Lost in a variety of disagreeable

able reflections, I forgot to turn aside to make way for him. It is well known with what disdain the Turks treat the Europeans, particularly slaves. The soldier, vexed at my want of attention, pushed me rudely aside, saying, "Christian dog, learn more respect in future."

This expression awoke my rage, and forgetting my situation, I replied, there was place sufficient for a man who was sober, but that doubtless the whole width of the street was scarcely enough for one deprived of reason. This speech put the soldier into a most violent rage, and rushing on me, he endeavoured to throw me on the earth. Insensible to every thing but my danger, and regardless of the law against slaves who dare to lift their hand against a Turk, I seized

seized him by the collar, and after a short struggle fell with him on the pavement. Stronger or more adroit than my opponent, I got uppermost and began repaying with interest the affront I had received. We were soon surrounded by a number of Turks, who, exasperated to see a slave fighting with one of their countrymen, fell all on me at once, and would have torn me to pieces, had not an officer of the police, who was passing with his attendants, saved me from their fury. He enquired the cause of the confusion, which being informed, he commanded the drunken soldier and myself to be taken before the Cady. The account of the officer was entirely in favour of the soldier: it was in vain that I endeavoured to justify myself by declaring my adversary the aggressor; the

the Cady stopped my mouth, saying, in a terrible voice, " Miserable Christian ! art thou to learn that thou art forbidden to raise thy hand against a Turk, even should he strike thee unjustly ? What art thou but an insignificant and filthy worm, in comparison to a beloved child of our holy prophet ? Death alone can sufficiently punish thy daring guilt."

This disciple of Mahomet would doubtless have condemned me to nothing less than impalement, had not the entrance of Muley and Zulem prevented him. A slave who knew me had been witness of my quarrel with the soldier, and ran immediately to give them information of my danger. Muley no sooner gave the Cady to understand that I belonged to him, than he softened his asperity,

asperity, and dismissing the parties, after some pretended objections, which a purse of sequins soon removed, agreed to defer the judgement, provided my master would inform the Dey of the affair, and entreat my pardon; for as the crime was capital, the superior of the regency could alone absolve me.—

Muley immediately went to the Dey, and soon returned with my release, being a particular favourite with that chief. I expressed my gratitude for his kindness; he gave me a slight reprimand, saying, that one of the principal duties of man was to conform to the customs of the country in which he dwelt;—that it was often necessary to forget what we had been, and submit to our present situation. We returned home perfectly well satisfied, me with

escaping so imminent a danger, and my masters with preserving a slave who was useful to them.

When I was separated from Lord Warneck, I imagined that both being in slavery in the same city, we might sometimes see each other, or at least communicate by letter; the kindness of my new master also augmented that hope. I resolved to use my utmost efforts to engage Muley to purchase my patron from his associate, as I thought it would be the means of rendering his situation less irksome, as his master passed for a man of a harsh and cruel temper. When I mentioned it to Muley, he informed me that his partner was gone to Algiers on a commission from the Dey, and had taken Lord Warneck with him.

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This news deeply afflicted me; but I was somewhat comforted by the reflection that he might more easily get his ransom remitted to Algiers than Tunis, therefore had no doubt he would soon obtain his liberty. Notwithstanding, more than six months elapsed without my hearing any thing of my patron.— This silence began to make me very uneasy, for I was too well acquainted with the heart of this generous Englishman to have a doubt of his seeking to set me free the moment he was so himself. I therefore had the utmost reason to fear that some untoward accident had befallen him.

In this cruel uncertainty on the fate of my friend, I neglected nothing to hasten the moment of my own liberty,

which had been promised: I redoubled my zeal and attention to gain the good will of my young master, and succeeded even beyond my hopes. Zulem's kindness for me encreased daily:—I possessed his whole confidence. In short, he treated me more like a friend than a slave. On my side I was sincerely attached to him. He was endowed with the most amiable qualities. His inclinations were virtuous,—his mind sensible and elevated,—his disposition mild and friendly. To a lively and brilliant imagination, he joined a strong judgement and accurate discernment. His uncle, whose own children were all dead, had educated him from his earliest infancy, and loved him equal to a son. Zulem's father had been killed in an engagement at sea, and Muley had taken charge of the

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the widow, who had been dead about two years. Zulem ever spoke of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, with the greatest affection. He informed me that she frequently instructed him in her religion; that one day particularly she had even baptized him; and finally, that the blood which ran in his veins was a fresh tie that united his heart to me. He freely owned, that the Christian laws had ever appeared to him preferable to those of Mahomet; but that having been bred among the Turks, and being destined to pass his life among them, he had been obliged to stifle ideas so contrary to his situation.

Though for a length of time I had neglected the practice of my religion, yet I was perfectly acquainted with its

L 3 principles,

principles, and would willingly have cultivated the happy dispositions of Zulem, but that I feared his uncle should discover it, and well knew how implacable the Turks are in that point. Besides, as I was speedily to leave him, I had every reason to imagine that time would soon destroy the principles of Christianity which were so freshly engraven on his heart.

CHAP. XII.

The fair Italian.

I Had been near a year with Muley, when Zulem suddenly became thoughtful and melancholy. His features no longer displayed that easy gaiety and
pleasing

pleasing carelessness that formerly embellished and enlivened them. He frequently appeared lost in reflection; yet this gloom did not in the least diminish his natural gentleness, ever testifying the same kindness and friendship for me. This sudden alteration in his disposition astonished me, nor could I divine the cause, my respect preventing me from questioning him on the subject.

One morning when we were drinking coffee,—“ My dear master,” said I, “ for some time past I have beheld you the prey to a secret grief, which undermines and destroys you : deign to open your heart to your slave, who, if he cannot ease your sorrow, will at least partake it. Attribute my boldness to the right cause, which is attachment,

and a sincere wish to see you happy."—
"Lanfon," replied Zulem, "I have no doubt of thy friendship; and if I have until now concealed the cause of my uneasiness, it is not from distrust, which to thee would be unkind, but from a fear that thy reason would condemn a weakness which I myself blush to acknowledge, though I cannot conquer. In short, my friend Lanfon, I love!—I have but once seen the object that gave birth to those sentiments before unknown in my heart; yet my affection is so permanently fixed, that I feel it can only conclude with my life. To complete my misfortune, this passion is contrary to my duty; and I must deprive myself of the sight of the charming person who has made so lively an impression on my heart."

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This confession, which I by no means expected, caused me infinite surprize.—
“And who can be the person,” replied I, “that has charmed you so greatly at first sight?”——“About a fortnight since,” said he, “two women, whom Muley had bought, were brought hither. I happened to be in the passage as the eunuchs were conducting them through to the seraglio: they were richly cloathed, and by their manner appeared to be persons of distinction. One of them particularly attracted my attention by the gracefulness of her shape, and the easy elegance of her air. A lively emotion of curiosity made me earnestly wish to see her face: chance favoured me, for as she passed by she made a false step and fell. I instantly ran to her assistance. Her veil had dropped in the

fall, and discovered to my sight the most beautiful features I ever beheld. She thanked me very politely in Italian, but I was so confused, and my senses in such disorder, that I could hardly mutter a few words to express how much I congratulated myself on the happy accident that had procured me the sight of so charming a person. As we were surrounded by eunuchs, I could say no more, but was obliged to retire. The image of the fair slave remained engraven on my heart. Night and day she was perpetually present to my imagination. A thousand confused desires rose in my soul, which I knew not how to account for, but that at length I discovered to be love, which was the more violent, as it was the effect of that sudden and irresistible charm which in an instant

instant had subdued all my faculties. I did not endeavour to repress this sentiment, which furnished me with numberless agreeable ideas. My ardent imagination, directed by my passion, already pictured a brilliant train of probabilities which it flattered itself to realize. I shall soon be of age to keep a seraglio, and had no doubt but that by informing my uncle of my love for the fair slave, he would immediately surrender her to me; and on this hope founded the happiness of my future life.

“ I was some days without daring to disclose my heart to him, my natural timidity and a kind of shame stopped my words upon my lips. However, I determined to make an effort on my-

self; and one evening that my uncle was particularly cheerful, having drank plentifully of that forbidden, but to my countrymen attractive liquor, I asked him of what country were the two slaves, whom I had seen the other day conducted to his seraglio. He replied, that one was an Italian, the other a French woman; the first might justly, he added, be termed perfectly beautiful, and he had conceived a most violent passion for her, but that she was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy, and only replied to his tender solicitations by tears. 'My love for the fair slave,' continued he, 'though ardent is delicate, and I am determined to relinquish the power I have over her, until she is more reconciled to her situation, and can return my tenderness.

Nay,

Nay, I have even determined to marry her, if she will embrace the religion of our holy prophet.'

"Thou may'st judge," continued Zulem, "that this discourse struck me with the force of thunder. I said no more to my uncle, whose temper I am perfectly acquainted with. Muley is like several other men, kind and generous when his heart is calm; but on any domineering passion taking place there, it stifles every other sentiment. My uncle loves me tenderly, but would soon change his behaviour if he thought me attached to a woman who has inspired him with so lively a passion.

"This, Lanfon, is my situation.—Is it not melancholy? I love the Italian

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to distraction, but have not the most distant hope of obtaining the object of my love. A rival deprives me of what is dearer to me than the world; and who is that rival?—An uncle,—a benefactor, whom I love and respect.”

On concluding these words the eyes of Zulem were bathed in tears.—The state of this young man gave me the utmost concern. I well knew how strong an effect a first impression must make on a susceptible heart. I notwithstanding endeavoured to persuade Zulem to stifle a passion that could only make him miserable, as he could not encourage the least hope of ever possessing the object which inspired it. But my efforts were vain: I could not succeed in restoring his mind to its usual calm.

calm.—“Lanson,” said he, “I have represented a hundred times to myself all that thy friendship can suggest; but reason is a feeble opponent against an affection so ardent as mine. It augments daily. The image of the fair slave perpetually follows me. I feel that I cannot exist without her, and am resolved to hazard all to make her mine.”—“And what means,” replied I, “can you employ to afford the least prospect of success?”

The young Turk was silent, and appeared lost in the meditation of some important project, the agitation of his mind being strongly portrayed on his expressive features. At length, starting up with transport, “Yes, Lanson,” cried he, with energy, “yes, there is one means
by

by which I may obtain the woman I adore. The execution I confess is difficult, and will cost me much grief to perform; yet there is no sacrifice, however great, but to which my love can compel me. But may I entirely depend on thy friendship?"—"Can you doubt it a moment?" replied I.—"But deign to explain yourself. What project is it that your mind appears to adopt with such enthusiasm?"—"Learn then," returned my young master, "that I am only a Turk in habit: the manners and customs of my country have ever been displeasing to me. I particularly hate that absurd and barbarous custom which confines women in perpetual slavery, and reigning over them by severity alone. The multitude of females that inhabit our seraglios appear to me
equally

equally as contrary to the happiness of man, as against the design of nature.— Our minds are capable of many friendships, but we can truly love but one woman, on whom, when the heart is once fixed, all the rest are of no value in our eyes. Plurality of women is therefore a misery rather than an enjoyment. 'Tis true, I have been bred in the Mahometan faith, but I plainly discover all its absurdities. My mother was a Christian, as I have before informed thee: I therefore sucked with my milk a reverence for that religion, and am already a Christian in my heart. The little thou hast learned me encreased the inclination, which is yet strengthened by another motive.—I languish to see those charming countries where men dwell in peaceful liberty, sheltered by
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the laws;—where their lives are not exposed to the cruel caprices of despotism;—where the arts and sciences spread a light so favourable to humanity;—and where that lovely sex, formed for the society of man, as well as for his pleasures, receives the attention due to them.

—These are my wishes, Lanfon: what bond have I then to detain me in this country? None, but the attachment and gratitude I feel for my uncle. I love him,—in doing which I but fulfil the most sacred of duties. Our tempers, however, do not sympathize; his goodness of heart is obscured by a strong tinct of the ferocity natural to his nation. He possesses all the prejudices of the Turks; and I must soon imitate his example, and scour the seas, in order to violate the sacred rights of humanity,

humanity, and satisfy an avarice that my heart must condemn. I abhor such plundering, yet shall be forced to share it, unless I mean to pass for a coward. All then determines me to quit a country, for which I was never born. Love and honour have made it a law. I will carry off the fair slave ;—thou shalt assist me in my project. We will fly to thy country, and dwell in peace, safe sheltered from the fury of despotism, and absurd prejudices. There, Lanson, my days shall glide smoothly, blest in the bosom of love and friendship.”

The discourse of Zulem had so greatly astonished me, that I had not power to interrupt him. Several reasons engaged me to enter into his views, as well as that of obliging a friend whom I tenderly

derly loved. It must necessarily hasten the hour of my freedom. I should deprive Mahomet of one of his sectaries, and deliver from an odious slavery a woman for whom I could not avoid being interested. Notwithstanding, I could not conceive how Zulem meant to carry off his mistress from a seraglio, where she was so strongly guarded, or how he purposed to escape with that lady and myself.—“ My dear master,” said I, “ the danger to which such an attempt must necessarily expose you, by alarming my affection, ought to make me endeavour to persuade you to renounce it : but if you cannot vanquish this passion, and are really determined to quit your country, I am ready to second to the uttermost your project, whatever

whatever obstacles may be in its execution."

Zulem embraced and thanked me for the fresh proof of my friendship. "I well know," said he, "the dangers and obstacles we shall have to encounter: but what is there that cannot be surmounted, when animated by a motive so powerful as securing the happiness of every future hour? The first step is to acquaint the fair slave with my love. I shall have little trouble to bring over the principal eunuch of the seraglio to my interest: he dare not refuse me, as he well knows that on the death of my uncle I shall become his master. Nay, I have even founded him, and believe I can answer that he will act as I please.— There is one great difficulty vanquished,
and

and I flatter myself we shall conquer the others as easily."

Zulem yielding to his impatience immediately sat about writing a letter in Italian to the fair slave. Love is ever eloquent. The young Turk described with the utmost energy the passion with which she had inspired him, saying, that could he hope the most slender return, there was nothing but what he was ready to undertake to deliver her from the importunities of his uncle, and to acquire some claim to the possession of a heart, for which he was ready to sacrifice every thing. Zulem then left me to engage the eunuch to present the letter to the fair slave: He returned a moment after; the joy which sparkled from his eyes instantly informed

informed me that he had succeeded.—
“Part of my desires are accomplished,”
said he; “the eunuch has consented to
all I wish. Fear and interest, those powerful
incentives to venal and dastardly
souls, have gain’d him entirely. He
has promised to deliver the letter immediately
to the Italian. I am in the
utmost impatience to know how she
will receive it.”—“I have no doubt,”
replied I, “but her answer will be favourable;
she has seen you, and you are
too amiable not to have pleased her.”

The next day the eunuch entered the
apartment of Zulem, who ran to meet
him. “Speak, Zameck,” said he; “inform
me of my destiny.”—“My Lord,”
replied he, “you have every reason to
be satisfied; here is the slave’s answer.”

Zulem

Zulem hastily seized the letter and read these words :

“ Though the situation to which I am reduced will not suffer me to indulge any sentiment but grief, I am notwithstanding sensible of the manner in which you express your affection for me : such delicacy astonishes me in a Turk, and cannot fail to give me the most favourable opinion of your character. I have seen you but once, but that moment was sufficient to shew me the difference between you and your uncle. Depend on my gratitude, if you can succeed in rescuing me from the power of a man for whom I have the utmost aversion.—I have a friend whom I should sincerely grieve to quit. If you have any project for
my

my deliverance, endeavour to extend your generosity to her also."

This letter inspired Zulem with inexpressible rapture. He read it twenty times over, kissing the characters, and committing a thousand extravagancies. Love is a magician which performs on man the most singular metamorphoses. It entirely changes his disposition; modifies and exalts every faculty of his soul, rapidly passing it from one extreme to another.

My young master immediately answered the fair slave's letter, assuring her of the pleasure it had given him, having, as he informed her, augmented his love, and encreased his desire to snatch her from the tyranny of his uncle.

He concluded by entreating a private meeting, where they might discourse on the proper measures for her escape.

CHAP. XIII.

Love more powerful than duty.—Escape and flight.

THE slave's answer was as favourable as Zulem could wish, and the same evening the eunuch introduced him privately into her apartment. I would not retire to rest until his return, which was in somewhat more than an hour.—“My dear Lanson,” said he, throwing himself on my neck, “congratulate me: I am the happiest of men. I have seen the charming Hortensia;—have con-

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versed with her: her understanding at least equals her personal charms, and has fixed me irrevocably hers."

When the young Turk informed her that he did not intend to take her from his uncle to make her his slave, but that he meant to fly with her, and restore her to her country, and endeavour to gain her heart by every sacrifice in his power, then joy sparkled in her eyes; she confessed to Zulem that he had made an impression on her heart, and she had no doubt but, restored to her friends, they would willingly consent to unite her to a man to whom she was so greatly obliged.—"Thou seest, Lanfon," continued he, "that my happiness even exceeds my hopes: nothing is now

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necessary

necessary to complete it but to devise means to escape safely to Europe."

The enterprize was difficult: it was no easy task to meet with a vessel to take us on board. The coast and port were continually guarded: no ship came in or departed without being searched. Notwithstanding, it was necessary to hasten the deliverance of the fair slave, who in a fresh conversation that she had with Zulem, informed him, that Muley began to be wearied with her continued coldness, and the delay she made in rendering him happy; giving her to understand that he was her master, and that if she did not submit with a good grace to his wishes, he should be necessitated to use other measures with her. "Nothing remains for me but death," said Zulem,

" if

"if I cannot save my dear Hortensia from his brutal passion. Whatever danger may attend it, I will hazard all rather than see her in the arms of my uncle. No, (continued Zulem, with an emotion of fury,) Muley is no longer to me any thing but an object of horror, since he is the obstacle to my happiness. From this moment every bond that united me to him is broken; nay, if 'tis necessary——." Zulem hesitated and blushed. He appeared to think he had said too much, and remained confused and silent.

Such is the power of love on man, it subdues every other sentiment, and every other affection; even stifling the voice of blood and gratitude, if they happen to be in opposition with it. This

headstrong passion was capable of leading the heart of Zulem, which was naturally virtuous, into the commission of guilt, had I not strove to destroy the dangerous sentiment that had risen in his soul.—“My dear master,” said I, “remember there is no happiness without virtue. Your love, which at present is innocent, would become guilt, could it prompt you to fail in the first duty of society: then far from being a source of felicity, it would be one of remorse. Every moment of your life would be poisoned by the idea of the horrible purchase you had paid for the possession of Hortensia. Believe me, ’tis far preferable to be unfortunate with a spotless mind, than to be otherwise and criminal. You determine to quit your country with the woman you love: there is nothing in

in that contrary to the first law of nature. Man is free, and has a right to dispose of himself. His opinions are his own; he may change them at pleasure, particularly when his reason and not his interest prescribes it. In short, he is at liberty to seek for happiness wherever he expects to find it, provided he never attempts to acquire it at the expence of his fellows."

Zulem had remained in an attitude of fixed attention while I was speaking; at length raising his eyes, with an air of timidity, he said, "Lanson, thy morals are a salutary balm to my wounded soul; they have dispersed the storm that agitated it, and restored my mind to serenity. Love, thou inexpressible mixture of pleasure and pain,—of strength and

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weakness,—how great is thy power over man, since thou canst harden his heart, and suffer it to give place to thoughts so contrary to honour and duty! Yes, my dear friend, (continued he,) the frenzy is past. I detest, I abhor such ideas, and if I cannot find means to obtain Hortensia without a crime, I will relinquish her, and prefer misery to guilt."

"Young people," replied I, "are ever in extremes: they fancy no midway between happiness and despair.—Hope is not yet denied us. If we find it impossible to escape by sea, at least the land lies open before us; and by proper precaution and money we may flatter ourselves with eluding all search that way." Zulem caught with transport

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at the thought, entreating me to reflect on the means of putting it in execution; after which he left me to attend his uncle, who had been indisposed for some days past.

My mind was still employed on this project when Zulem returned, joy sparkling in his eyes.—“Lanson,” said he, “Heaven is propitious, and presents us a sure means of deliverance.”—The young Turk then told me, that Muley had just informed him, that being of an age to signalize himself, the Dey had granted him the command of a galley, which was to leave the port in three days to go on a cruise.—“Thou may’st think,” continued Zulem, “what joy this news gave me. I could not conceal it from my uncle, who attributed

the cause to ardour, and a desire to shew my courage; in which fortunate mistake I left him.”—“But,” interrupted I, “I cannot conceive how this expedition can be favourable to us. Your crew, doubtless, will all consist of Turks, and how can you carry off Hortensia without the knowledge of your uncle?”—“Nothing more easy,” replied he. “The galley is to sail at day-break; during the night we can convey Hortensia and her companion out of the seraglio in men’s clothes, and conduct them to some place of safety near the coast, where they may remain under the guard of the eunuch, whose assistance I can depend upon.—As soon as I have taken leave of my uncle, we will repair to the port, and instantly set sail. The galley must, by these means, be safe from pursuit before
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the flight of the women can be discovered. We will take on board as many Christian slaves as possible, and when at sea inform them of our project. The hope of liberty will inspire them with courage. When the crew are asleep we can release them from their chains, and arm them; which once effected, we may fall on the Moors by surprize, bind, and confine them in the hold.—I have free access to my uncle's cabinet, and will take as much money and jewels as possible; which added to what we may gain from the sale of the vessel, will raise a sum sufficient to live in peaceful mediocrity. On my arrival in Europe, I will ask the consent of Hortensia's parents, turn Christian, and marry her;—thus at once becoming the happiest of men.

I admired the boldness of Zulem, though I foresaw many difficulties in the execution of the enterprize. Notwithstanding, as I sincerely wished it success, and knew Zulem's temper too well to expect to change it, I contented myself with making some observations, which his ardent imagination speedily surmounted.

On the same day Zulem informed Hortensia and her companion of the project he had formed, who were charmed with the prospect of approaching liberty.

We began our preparations the following morning. Zulem bought several Christian slaves, which he sent as privately as possible on board; a number
were

were also to attend us when we embarked. Thus, by the joint assistance of those newly purchased, and those designed to row, we had little doubt of success. To complete our good fortune, the indisposition of Muley was a double advantage, as we could take our measures without fear of surprize, and Hortensia had nothing to dread from the passion of my old patron.

The evening before our departure a slave came to inform me that Muley desired to speak with me. This order, which was unusual, gave me the utmost alarm. I dreaded that he had discovered something relative to our project, and had sent for me to force an avowal. I repaired to Muley's apartment, trembling with fear. Zulem was with him.

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The tranquillity that reigned on both their faces entirely dispelled my alarm. "Lanfon, said Muley, "thou doubtless art informed that to-morrow my nephew is invested with the name of man, and must brave the dangers of the sea to deserve that title. He has sufficiently profited by thy instructions, which will hereafter be dispensed with. It therefore remains for me to requite thy zeal, and acquit myself of my promise.—From this moment thou art free: receive also this purse, it will enable thee to return to thy country."

I testified my gratitude to Muley in the warmest terms:—yet the gift of liberty, which some time before would have given me the highest pleasure, gave me at the present moment more pain than

than satisfaction. This benevolence of my old master bound me to him by the ties of gratitude, and redoubled the fault I was on the point of committing, by participating the flight of a nephew he so tenderly loved : thus at once rendering myself guilty of ingratitude.— But it was too late to recede : every thing was ready : and I loved Zulem too well to ruin an enterprize on which his happiness depended. I therefore resolved to sacrifice my delicacy to friendship, my scruples vanishing when I reflected that Muley had no right over my person, and did no more than fulfil a duty in restoring my liberty.

At night, when all was quiet in the seraglio, the eunuch came and tapped softly at the door of Zulem's apartment;

I instantly

I instantly opened it:—"It is time," said he: "Hortensia and her companion are ready."—We immediately accompanied him, and repaired with as little noise as possible under the windows of the fair slave's apartment, which opened into the garden. They were waiting for us, and instantly threw out a rope ladder, which the eunuch had previously fastened at top. Zulem went up and aided the women to descend, the eunuch and myself receiving them in our arms; which performed, their guard re-entered the feraglio, and detached the rope. On his return we crossed the garden and scaled the wall, by the assistance of a ladder which was prepared on the outside. We now left Hortensia and her companion under the protection of Zameck, who was to conduct them to a fisherman's

fisherman's hut near the sea shore; Zulem and myself returning to the house to finish our preparations.

At the first dawn of the day Zulem repaired to his uncle's apartment to bid him farewell. He returned in about a quarter of an hour, oppressed with sorrow, and his eyes suffused with tears. "Your affliction is doubtless praiseworthy," said I; "but encouraged too far will be dangerous. 'Tis now necessary to arm yourself with courage, and stifle a sensibility which can but confuse your ideas at a time where the utmost presence of mind and deliberation is necessary."—"I will not conceal from thee," replied Zulem, "how much I suffer to plunge the heart of my uncle in sorrow, when I reflect on the numerous

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rous proofs I have received of his tenderness. But do not fear my weakness; these tears are the last effort, and a tribute to gratitude and my country. The recompence I expect will soon make me forget such a sacrifice, and already inspires me with almost supernatural courage."——

We now left the house with the slaves destined to serve Zulem, and soon reached the port where a boat was waiting for us. Zulem instantly sent off a slave to the hut, who soon returned accompanied by the eunuch and the two women disguised like sailors, their features and the delicacy of their complexions were in a great measure concealed by men's hats, which they had pulled over their faces; neither was it yet

yet perfectly light. We instantly got into the boat, and repaired on board the galley.

The crew, on the arrival of their new commander, received him with acclamations of joy, and saluted him with several discharges of cannon. We were no sooner on board, than Zulem ordered them to set sail, the vessel speedily gaining the open sea.

CHAP. XIV.

A surprize.—Successful attempt and freedom.

WHILE Zulem was receiving the compliments of the officers who were to command

command under him, I conducted the eunuch and the two pretended sailors into the cabin allotted them. When safe from witnesses, I testified to the ladies the pleasure I experienced in having contributed towards their deliverance. During this discourse one of them gazed on me with the utmost attention, and suddenly giving an exclamation of surprize, she threw herself on my neck, crying, "Yes, 'tis he! 'tis Lanfon! I am convinced that I am not mistaken,"—Astonished at this salutation, I considered the features of the person who thus claimed acquaintance with me; but guess my surprize in recognizing Rosette,—that country lass whom I had so tenderly loved, and who was the cause of my leaving my country. I could hardly believe my eyes.—

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"Is it really you?" replied I. "Is it possible that Rosette is at this instant before me?"—" 'Tis really so," returned she, "my dear Lanfon; and I bless the happy chance that had brought about this fortunate meeting. Though we have long been separated, I had not forgotten you, and my pleasure at this moment surpasses my astonishment."

I again embraced Rosette, testifying the joy I experienced from such an unexpected meeting. I was truly delighted to see this amiable girl. Though she no longer inspired me with love, I felt for her that tender attachment which is the effect of sincere friendship. Rosette's person had lost none of its former charms; her features were formed, and regularity had replaced that air of fascinating

nating innocence, which had so greatly enchanted me. In short, Rosette, without losing her childish prettiness, was become an elegant and accomplished woman.

Hortensia congratulated us on our happy meeting. Until then I had no time to pay the least attention to that lady, being wholly employed with my former mistress. I found the portrait that Zulem had given me of her not in the least exaggerated. Hortensia appeared about eighteen, her features more regular and delicate, but perhaps less attractive than those of Rosette; her complexion was equally fair, but her cheeks were not so strongly coloured; her shape might have been called perfect, had it been rather more slender.—

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But I well knew that the *embonpoint*, which is a fault in Europe, was a particular qualification among the Moors, whose ideas of female beauty are different from ours. Nay, I must truly confess, in that point I myself have ever been rather given to the Turkish taste. The conversation of the Italian gave me the highest opinion of her understanding; nor was I in the least astonished that she had inspired Zulem with so ardent a passion.

As we had yet many important concerns to fulfil, I left the two ladies and returned to Zulem, whom I found alone in his cabin.—“At length, my dear Lanfon, we are free: every thing has succeeded to our wishes. Nothing remains but to render ourselves masters
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of the vessel, which project we will execute this night. To celebrate my arrival on board, I will treat the whole crew, taking care not to spare wine. The little custom the Moors have of drinking that liquor, will double its effects upon them, and when plunged in intoxication and sleep, will be easily conquered. Thine be the task to encourage the Christian slaves, and hold them in readiness."

I replied to Zulem that he might depend on my zeal, informing him of the unexpected meeting I had just experienced. "What," interrupted he, "is it possible it should be that Rosette whom thou hast informed me of, and whose acquaintance had nearly proved so fatal to thee? My dear friend, I sincerely

cerely congratulate thy good fortune; there's a wife at once prepared for thee."

"Softly," replied I: "we Christians are not so expeditious as you gentlemen Turks. 'Tis very possible that Rosette may have formed some fresh connection since our separation. You know that women easily change, neither have I any inclination to marry this girl. It is certain I loved her, and that she yet pleases me; but in France 'tis very common to take one for a mistress we should be sorry to have for a wife."

I shortened this conversation in order to go to the Christian slaves we had brought with us, and who did not need much persuasion to promise to second us with their utmost firmness and courage. The hope of liberty is a powerful

attractive to man, who is ever ready to risk every danger to break those chains for which he feels he was not born.

I then went to the benches of the rowers, telling every one particularly of our design, desiring them to be ready to execute my orders, which would infallibly restore them to freedom. These testified the greatest joy, assuring me that I might depend on them, as they should regard their lives as a slight sacrifice if lost in a brave endeavour for liberty.—I returned well satisfied to Zulem, whom I informed of my success.

Towards evening the officers repaired to their commander's cabin, where a magnificent supper was served that

Zulem

Zulem had caused to be prepared before our embarkation, distributing also plenty of meat and abundance of wine to the crew. The Moors amply satisfied their inclination for this liquor, forbidden by their prophet, and soon gave way to the most Bacchanalian mirth. Some of them, in their drunkenness, maltreated several of the rowers,—a conduct that animated the Christians yet more against them. Zulem excited his guests by his own example, drinking as much as the rest;—but I had taken care to prepare his wine, by mixing it with water, as I stood behind him to wait.

The Moors were soon overcome by the most compleat intoxication, the greater number of the officers falling asleep on their cushions as they sat in

the cabin ;—the soldiers and sailors were stretched here and there on the deck, deprived of reason and almost of feeling. Those who had understanding sufficient remaining, gained their births, sleeping as profoundly as their fellows, and little dreaming of what they were to experience when they awoke.

When all were plunged in sleep, none of the crew remaining on foot but the sailors on duty, and two centinels, Zulem and myself left the cabin, and were joined by the slaves we had brought with us. We immediately repaired to the gun-room, where arming ourselves completely, we went on deck. The two centinels, who suspected nothing, suffered us to approach. We instantly poniarded them, and also the sailors ;
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then gaining the benches of the rowers, we unchained and furnished them with arms. We were in all a hundred and fifteen;—the Moorish crew, with the officers, consisted of two hundred and fifty: but what could unarmed men, whose reason was drowned in wine, and buried in the intoxication of sleep, do against those well armed, and inspired with a desire of liberty? Notwithstanding, we thought it proper not to neglect any precaution that prudence could suggest; we therefore seized on all the remaining arms, putting them in the cabin, and placing a guard of six men over them. We did the same by the powder-room, lest some of the corsairs finding themselves taken should attempt to blow it up.

Thus far all had succeeded to our wishes, none of the Moors having awoken. We next repaired to the great cabin, where the officers still lay sleeping, and throwing ourselves on them, we bound them hand and foot. The fumes of wine had so totally obscured their reason, that some did not even awaken; nor did any make resistance, but looking at us with a vacant stare, suffered us to tie them without an effort to prevent it,—our sabres and pistols perhaps assisting to keep them in subjection.

We next went among the soldiers, whom we found in the same state as the officers. Surprize and alarm, on seeing themselves assailed by armed men, deprived them of all courage, making as
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little resistance as their commanders.— Seven or eight of them, however, escaped in the confusion. Seizing some sabres which lay dispersed, they united and attempted to attack us, but their lives soon paid for their temerity.— In short, in somewhat better than half an hour we overpowered all the corsairs, confining them in the hold bound and chained, and placing a guard over them.

Thus terminated this dangerous enterprise, more happily than we had dared expect. Zulem and myself were enraptured with our success: as for the Christian slaves, vainly should I attempt to describe their transports; their acclamations of joy almost amounted to frenzy; they leaped, threw themselves at our feet,

feet, bathed our hands with their tears, called us their fathers, their benefactors, their friends. Never was a more interesting spectacle: Zulema and myself could not restrain our tears.—“Behold,” said I, “how natural liberty is to man, since on recovering it they experience such transports. Those, therefore, that deprive them of it ought to be regarded as barbarians, who violate the first law of nature, and against whom we cannot make too severe reprisals.—“My sentiments agree with thine,” replied he, “this scene makes me the less regret leaving a country where man trafficks in his fellow creatures.”

Notwithstanding, we were not yet out of danger; it was possible that Muley, having discovered the flight of Hortensia, would

would send in pursuit of us; we might also meet with another corsair, whose captain coming on board us, might discover all,—circumstances that rendered it necessary for us to use the utmost speed. We engaged the rowers and sailors to act with diligence, assuring them that our safety depended on their activity. They obeyed; and when all was put in order, the vessel rapidly making way, we repaired to the ladies.

The eunuch who had so well seconded us had already informed them of our success:—they congratulated us, and a very agreeable conversation ensued.—Zulem appeared enraptured at the sight of Hortensia, who on her part seemed sensible of his tender protestations; and though her joy was tempered by

that amiable modesty which is the strongest attractive in the fair sex, I could not avoid reading in her eyes that the deliverer was at least as dear as the deliverance. As for Rosette and myself, the pleasure we experienced was of another nature; it was no longer the transports of love,—the delirium of passion, but the calm satisfaction of two friends, who unexpectedly meet after a considerable lapse of time, which has been filled with different events.—In short, it was rather the effusion of friendship, than the intoxication of love.

Rosette particularly assumed an air of reserve that astonished me, when I reflected on our former intimacy; nor could I avoid testifying my surprize on the subject.—“My dear Rosette,” said I,

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"you are greatly altered; doubtless your heart has not remained idle since our separation. Nay, I would venture a wager, that some other has supplied my place."—"Lanfon," replied she, "I do not suppose you so unjust as to imagine that a woman is bound to perpetual fidelity, because some unforeseen event separates her from her first love? On the contrary, she becomes the more disposed to form new ties: her sensibility once awakened soon fixes on another object.—Are you to learn, that the heart is a furnace of tenderness, whose principal aliment being love, the more it consumes, the more its fire becomes violent?" 'Tis therefore false that a woman can love but once: were it so, in losing her first lover she must also

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lose that exquisite sensibility which she received from nature. I will, notwithstanding, confess that first affections are always the most delightful; the soul surrendering itself with transport, and without inquietude, to the attraction of a sentiment perfectly unknown, and whose roses are alone visible, until experience presents the thorns. Beside, Lanfon, you will have less reason to be surprized when I inform you that I am married."—"Married!" exclaimed I, laughing, "then I am no longer astonished at that air of conjugal duty that I remarked in your countenance. But inform me, I entreat you, how you came to hamper yourself in the bonds of Hymen."—"I shall at least have as much pleasure to relate it, as you to hear

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hear it," replied Rosette. — We then drew aside, leaving Zulem to converse with Hortensia, and Rosette began, as will be found in the next Chapter.

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